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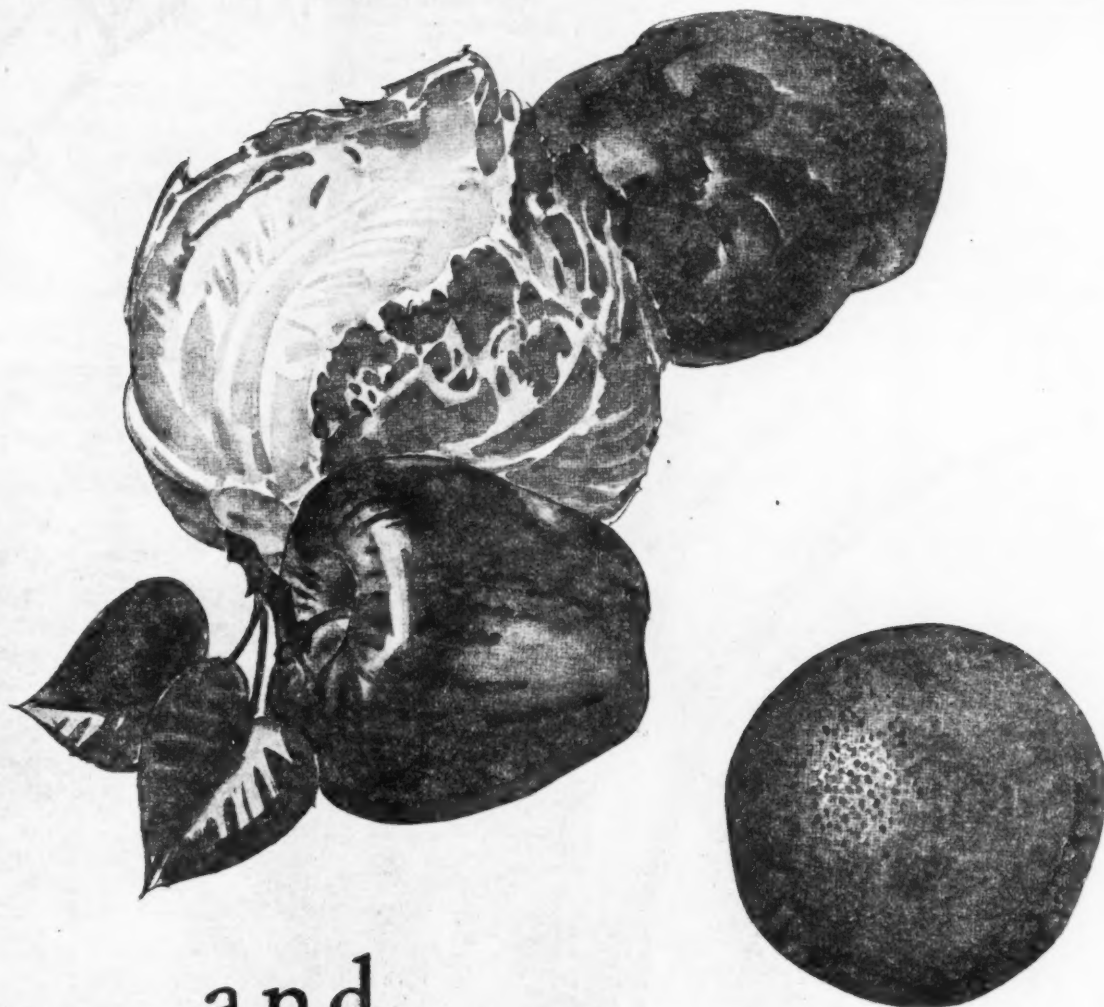
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This statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Clarence W. Lieb of New York, a distinguished investigator, was quoted by Mr. Louis F. Swift in his address to the shareholders of Swift & Company at the Forty-third Annual Meeting, January 5 (Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book).

It is an indication, as Mr. Swift pointed out, of the growing appreciation of the value of meat in the diet.

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"LITTLE NERO"

The Airedale which figures in the "Story of Two Dogs" by Arthur E. Stilwell
now running in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE



Volume LVI

MARCH, 1928

New Series No. 7

Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



IT'S an "ill March wind" that does not blow some hope to the candidates in the lineup for Presidential nominations. Ohio was made a battleground for the early Spring primaries, when Secretary Hoover entered the lists and made a definite announcement of his candidacy, as required by the State law. This precipitated a real old-time Ohio contest, for Senator Willis had been announced as a favorite son. In a way it was a repetition of the situation when

General Leonard Wood was a candidate and Warren G. Harding was the favorite son. In the meantime, the rally at the primaries may give some indication of which way the Presidential nomination is drifting. Now that the Senate have definitely declared against a third term, there may be no further skepticism in the minds of some "doubting political Thomases" that Calvin Coolidge meant exactly what he said when he declared that he did not choose to run in 1928.

* * *

BREAKFAST at the White House has engaged the attention of various delegations of Senators and Congressmen, and it would seem as if President Coolidge is getting a little closer to the members of Congress. There is a definite schedule of legislation required to round out the plans and purposes of President Coolidge. At this time he is kept busy on the radio, dedicating the new National Press Building and appearing at functions, which indicate that he has lost none of the enthusiastic interest in current affairs that is usually ascribed to the motives of a candidate for re-election. The Army and Navy program and the reduction of taxation are puzzling equations to many hopeful legislators who are anxious to have a well-fortified record for the Fall campaign. All this accumulation of seriously purposed affairs has not interfered with a lively social season. There is a practical side to the social, as well as the legislative calendar. With all the conveniences of multiplied methods of speedy communication, there is nothing that has supplanted the fundamental process of reaching an understanding, whether it be between public leaders or the lover and the lass. When humans meet face to face, even at the side-angle glance of the dinner table, they are likely to agree on the weather or the food, which may be the overture to further unanimity, when the "by the way" stage is reached.

* * *

THE passing of Admiral William H. G. Bullard, Chairman of the Federal Radio Commission is a distinct loss to every radio fan. His death occurred on

the eve of a vacation he had planned after a strenuous campaign organizing the Commission and attending the International Conference. Few men had radio more at heart than Admiral Bullard. During his serv-



Miss Mary Lewis, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is very popular in Washington

ice in the Navy from 1888 to his retirement in 1922, he was actively interested. From its very beginning, following the discovery of Professor Hertz back in 1887,

of the Hertzian waves, he followed wireless from its inception. As Chairman of the first Radio Commission, he has left a record that will be associated with the initiation of Governmental control of the eighth wonder of the world.

A VETERAN Senator who asked me not to disclose his name was looking upon a merry dinner dance in the Chinese Room at the Mayflower. His comments were interesting. "You know I come to an affair of this sort sometimes an uninvited guest, just to look upon the happy young people. It is better than any show that can be provided upon the stage, because it reflects the reality of

tion, for its work in marking historical spots with appropriate tablets, until the bronze is missing and the sight-seers are at sea to find some shrine to visit that tells the story of men and places associated with the stirring days gone by. Mrs. Samuel Williams Earle, Recording Secretary-General of the organization, has been kept busy in the preparations for the coming Convention, which promises to be one of more than usual interest. There always seems much to do to keep the thread of events properly interwoven to the warp and woof of our national archives, and this is something that the Daughters of the Revolution are doing, without fear or favor, in carrying on their work under the national colors and the buff and blue of their Continental forebears.



Countess Karolyi, wife of the first president of Hungary

youth and makes us old devils realize that there is such a thing existing on earth as natural beauty and youth that is not lost in the glamor and artificiality of the theatre." Miss Faith Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Adams, was giving her dinner dance at the time and the "younger set" were little conscious of the admiring gaze of the elders as they looked upon the scene, sharing in a measure their happiness.

THE first indications of Spring bring about the thoughts of the meeting of the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution in Washington. It is usually a somewhat militant gathering, for are not these daughters the descendants of fighting sires? The country will never know how much it owes to this organiza-

MANY a serious-minded Congressman during his first term is greatly perturbed as to what subjects he should take up in order to "tune in" properly on the paramount problems of the times. All this trouble is eliminated, now that the National Council of the National Economic League has published a record of the votes sent in by several thousands of people as to what they consider the uppermost problems in the public mind. Sometimes I wonder if we do not overwork the word problems. It has become almost as trite as efficiency and sounds like nuts and screws. If you get the people thinking about matters as a problem they become problems, but if you think about them as subjects for a good-natured and frank discussion, they might assume the seriousness of political issues; on the other hand, they might be the topic for a friendly discussion, neighbor to neighbor, and friend to friend, instead of the ponderous "messages" delivered by self-selected leaders who are always talking about problems, as if they really "enjoyed poor health."

THE safe return of Colonel Lindbergh from his epoch-making, unofficial ambassadorial tour of good will to the Central American countries, the West Indies and Cuba, brought a sigh of relief. Secretary of War, Dwight Davis, voiced the sentiment of the country at large in asking Colonel Lindbergh to quit flying for a time, especially the stunt flying. The Colonel is now considered an invaluable national asset. The reception given him in Havana, and that last remarkable hop, starting in moonlight in the early morning, arriving at St. Louis in a drizzling rain in the afternoon, was a feat that set people thinking how closely the world was drawing together these days of air communication. When the proposition of giving up flying for a time was made to him, Colonel Lindbergh simply smiled. Could you ask a bird to stop flying, unless its wings were clipped? All this reminds us of the stirring events of a few months ago, when the first flight was made amid the prayers of the American people.

NOW that Count Karolyi has been returned forty per cent of his fortune, which had been confiscated by the Hungarian government—interest is revived in the State Department records concerning the visit of the Count and Countess to the United States. They were under suspicion of being bolshevists. On a voyage from Cherbourg I met the Countess on her first trip to America. She is an unusually intelligent and attractive woman, speaking good English and able to converse on almost any subject. She played the games on deck with the grace and skill of one who had been accustomed to outdoor sports. Her enthusiasm when we caught sight of the Statue of Liberty was impressive. Although the wife of the first president of Hungary, daughter of Count Andrassy and heroine of numerous international episodes, an aristocrat to her finger-tips—never was there a more enthusiastic crusader for Democracy. In fact she was accused of recruiting for the Red Army in Russia, but it did not require a long acquaintance to believe this was not so. To those who knew her she was not even "pink," let alone a "Red" anarchist or bolshevist. Her addresses indicated that—but there was a strong opposition at home working against her. Dauntless, she began the task of earning a living for herself and little family of children, and won many friends. She was manageress of an antique shop in Avenue Malakoff in the fashionable downtown section of Paris when she received the news that her husband was to be awarded forty per cent of his estates. In the meantime she had toured the French provinces in search of rare bits of French furniture, objects of art, old books and engravings, and was making a success of her venture when the good fairy arrived and declared that she was to receive back her home. Allied



Mrs. Samuel Williams Earle, recording secretary-general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution

to the royal house, she is intense in her understanding of plain people. There is no doubt that Countess Karolyi is to begin another chapter of international interest in her busy and eventful life which is a romance in itself that would make even Oppenheim envy as a rare new plot for a best-selling novel.

DURING the month of Spring time the two distinctive monuments in Washington seem to shine out with beaming natal radiance. The birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln appearing in the shortest month of the year invariably stimulate new interest in everything associated with these pre-eminent American



Miss Faith Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Adams

personages. The school children begin early preparing for February 12th when the young idea is taught something of the ideals associated with the Father of his Country and the savior of the Union. These pieces spoken in school are never forgotten and implant deep-rooted ideals concerning America's illustrious men that no later penny-liner historian can uproot with the hope of gaining a passing notoriety which deludes some as literary or historical fame. Even Senators and representatives in Congress begin early looking up new quotations and incidents for addresses to illuminate their statesmanship. The conclusion inevitably is that Washington and Lincoln were usually right, and politicians tune in to the ideals they enunciated to win popular favor even in these later times.

* * *

SETTLERS and prospective settlers of Alaska will find considerable valuable and interesting information regarding the agriculture of the Territory in a report of the work of the five agricultural experiment stations during 1927. Work was carried on at Sitka, Matanuska, Fairbanks, Kodiak, and Rampart, stations located in widely separated regions of greatly varying climatic conditions. Each station conducted work with a specific class of projects, such as field and garden crops and livestock, which are related to the region.

At the Sitka station where the climate is cool, the summers wet and the winters mild, horticulture is given much attention. All the strawberries grown for domestic use and for market in the interior, and most of those grown in the coast region are of Sitka origin.

The several stations have demonstrated that strawberries can be successfully and profitably grown in Alaska, and strawberry growing is destined to become an important branch of horticulture in the Territory.

Perhaps no crop is more generally cultivated in Alaska than the potato. It is the principal money crop, and is used by everybody. Each town garden and prospector's cabin has its potato patch. The many mining camps consume large quantities of potatoes, most of which are produced locally. The Sitka station has developed a number of varieties that yield well in that region as well as other sections of Alaska.



Hon. Smith W. Brookhart, United States Senator from Iowa, who has been a farmer, teacher, lawyer and soldier as well as a legislator

THE receptions given to Chamberlin, who made the flight to Germany in the *Columbia*, recall the fact that, while it is recent history, it has assumed almost the proportions of a historic achievement associated with a more or less remote past. At the banquet given him in Washington, Governor Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt, the dauntless young aviator had a greeting from his home town folks. Chamberlin was born in Denison, Iowa, which was the home of Governor Shaw when he was called to take the Treasury portfolio at Washington. The homecoming was a real event. The boys with whom he has plowed corn and played ball on the vacant lot insisted that he was the same old "Cham" who belonged to the adventuresome group that had experimented with airplanes on the Darius Green plan. While Mr. Chamberlin is a resident of New Jersey, he is strongly attached to his own native town in Iowa, where his mother read the dispatches and heard the

radio flashes of his marvellous flight to Germany, making the longest distance that has ever been covered in one journey through the sky-lanes bridging the Atlantic.

* * *

UNDER the leadership of Senator Brookhart, the candidacy of Senator Morris is being pushed vigorously in the states where the old La Follette sentiment prevails. The Farm Relief bill is the Banquo's ghost that is disturbing those in charge of incipient presidential booms. Will Rogers, who received one vote in the National Convention in 1924, is being seriously considered by admirers in the states where a delegate or two can be lassoed while no one is watching. There are many people that have taken his humorous comment on national affairs very seriously, and who insist that Will Rogers has the right slant on national affairs and is capable of advising presidents, would-be presidents and candidates in all stages of their aspirations.

* * *

SOMEHOW I could not resist calling around at the Weather Bureau. If there ever has been a freakier year in the weather records of Uncle Sam it has not been disclosed. The weather maps in the Senate and the House of Representatives and the Capitol continue to show which way the wind blows and locate the seat of disturbances as far as temperature is concerned, but, alack! alas! it did not reveal to a newly-elected Congressman any definite information as to which way the political cyclones were heading. Crop reports sometimes have a close relation to the records in the Weather Bureau, but the situation remains just as it has been since time began. "Man proposes, but God disposes." No one spot on earth seems exempt from the calamitous hazards of the elements, when wind, rain and snow, to say nothing of seismograph disturbances, once get under way and hold sway, to remind puny man that after all he lives on an earth that is ruled by immutable laws, over which he has no control. The weather of today was decided perhaps one thousand years ago, and yet how casually we talk about it as a matter of human control and dispensation.

This visit made me think of Jupiter Pluvius, who is represented so conspicuously in Roman art especially in his battle scenes. Jupiter was the logical successor of the Greek god Zeus and was worshipped by the Romans as the god of heavens. It would seem from the records of the weather department as if it had been an open season with Jupiter, for the rainfall has been capricious—failing to conform with the records of past years and quite upsetting all calculations in the Old Farmer's Almanac. The floods on the lower Mississippi and the deluge in Vermont bringing death and disaster have been without a precedent or a parallel and yet how much depends upon this Weather Bureau in the calculations of the farmers. The warm waves of early winter in the East have been a sharp contrast to the cold weather prevailing in the West and Mid-west. As one of the officials remarked, the weather gods hovering over the U. S. A. have not been at all neighborly or sociable in the finicky year of 1927.

* * *

AN old seafaring phrase was revived when it was announced that Commodore Herbert Hartley had "swallowed the anchor" and had resigned after thirty-five years of sea duty. For five years he has been captain of the *Leviathan* and made a record that has won for him highest encomiums of praise from the traveling public who have been privileged to sail on this good ship, the queen of the American Merchant Marine. He has been more than a sea captain, he has been an ambassador on the high seas who has looked after distinguished personages, native and foreign. His deep-throated, hearty laugh and kindly smile, and keen twinkling eyes, just

naturally make friends. He has a flow of language that is not confined to conversation, for he is a fluent after-dinner talker. Never can I forget his enthusiasm with the Committee headed by Charles Evans Hughes, Will Rogers and T. V. O'Connor, head of the U. S. Shipping Board, which raised \$40,000 in cash for the Florida Hurricane sufferers from the two thousand passengers on the *Leviathan* within twenty-four hours after the news of the disaster had been received. Herbert Hartley followed the old sea traditions and ran away from his home in Pennsylvania to sail on the school ship *Saratoga*. Paternal consent was secured by young Hartley inducing a kindly old gentleman to swear that he was his willing and doting father. He served under Admirals Sims and Fletcher, and his promotion was rapid. His first command was the *St. Louis*, renamed the *Louisville*, with which Commander Hartley ran the German submarine blockade in 1917, the first to bring his ship safely through the line. From the bridge he observed a U boat and ordered the wheel hard over and steamed full speed directly into the submarine, which was sent to the bottom in short order. On July 4, 1923, he took command of the *Leviathan* and has been on the bridge on every one of the first sixty-two trips she has made as a passenger vessel of the United States Shipping Lines. The reason for "swallowing the anchor" you ask—well, there is a Mrs. Hartley. When he won Miss Wilson of Opekika, Ala., as a bride, he made certain promises. There is now a young Captain Hartley and the unwritten and inexorable rule of the sea that the wife and family of a captain cannot accompany him on voyages has precluded his seeing very much of his family.

While it was first announced that he was going to represent the Pepperel Co. of Boston in Atlanta, located not far from Mrs. Hartley's home town of Opelika, but the Four Day Ocean Liner project made an appeal that was too strong for this old sea dog, so he has accepted a position to take charge of the personnel who will command and man the rapid sea-going vessels that bring Europe within four days of America. He will be in his element in charge of the sailors of the new Steamship line which is to make the voyages across the Atlantic in ninety-six hours—beating the time of the favorite "Queen of the Seas," on which he served with great credit.

THE birthday of Robert E. Lee, January 19th, is observed throughout the Southern States as a national holiday, and the veneration and tributes to his memory are given with all the sincerity with which the names of Washington and Lincoln are revered. Andrew Jackson's birthday on January 12th, is the date when the Democratic Party usually step out for a National campaign. The banquet this year at Washington was a gathering of notable Democrats who have high hopes as to the results of the presidential campaign in 1928. The selection of Houston as a meeting place for the Democratic National Convention was a kindly gesture to the South, through the enthusiastic co-operation of Jesse H. Jones, the illustrious Texan, who has succeeded in bringing Houston and New York closer together. The number of buildings which he owns in these two cities is rather imposing, and indicates a definite community of interests between the two cities as far as he is concerned. This is the first time that a Democratic national convention has been held in the South since that stirring gathering at Charleston, South Carolina, which witnessed the division of the party over the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas.

WHEN the bugle calls over the radio at 6.45 a. m. from the Metropolitan tower in New York City, imagine sedate Senators and rotund Congressmen rolling out of bed and going through a system of gymnastics that makes Senator Tom Heflin's gestures look like a salute to the K. of C. There is a cheery voice heard as national legislators respond with more promptness than to a



Commander Herbert H. Hartley, who recently retired from the "*Leviathan*," surrounded by former Secretary of State Hughes and a group of notables who were his passengers

roll call. Arthur Bagley has called and he begins that jolly jolly that makes you forget that you are sleepy. He comments on the weather and you can almost hear the roosters crow and the birds sing, as he calls on Bill Mahoney to tune up the piano. When the piano begins that chirping little march step, there is a procession all over the country in B. V. D.'s, pajamas and night shirts and an opposing array of matutinal garments parading up and



Arthur Bagley in action, with William Mahoney at the piano, after the bugle call at 6.45 a. m. in the Metropolitan Health Tower, New York

down. Arthur may quote a verse from "Heart Throbs" now and then, just to give them good stuff, or jolly father, lying prostrate on the rug, trying to arise and join in exercise 23. I have been in the studio of Arthur Bagley at the Metropolitan tower and he has all the properties



Picturesque scene in Rock Creek Park, Washington

and apparatus necessary to start millions of people on a morning exercise, that will enable them to write stirring letters to him, announcing how they have reduced and how much the different exercises have added to their span of life. The shadow boxing and bicycle riding is especially popular, for Mr. Bagley takes them on an imaginary journey, telling them of the names of the towns through which they are supposed to pass and there is a lusty cheer from the children when he mentions the home town. The mirrors reflecting all these gymnastic motions give out a home picture that would be prized if reproduced as a photograph for the family album. A poll was made of Congress and it was found that over forty per cent were voting with Arthur Bagley in the early morning hours, and going through gestures that might have to be subdued somewhat if given during the delivery of a speech rendered under the special rule of "leave to print."

A FEW days after the late General Leonard Wood was taken to his last resting place in Arlington, I heard an enthusiastic young Cuban, Sergio Gomez, announce "The first thing my country will do is to grant a pension for Mrs. Wood of at least \$10,000 and build a monument worthy of the great American as an expression of the gratitude of 'Cuba Libre' which he made possible. Mark my prediction. Young Cuba today and the veteran patriots who fought the battles will ever honor the memory of General Wood, as you might say, the great step-father of our country." Recently events indicate that this will come to pass now that President Coolidge has made his visit to Cuba. This ought to accelerate action on the bill introduced by Representative Bacon in Washington, providing a life pension for Mrs. Wood and some expression of appreciation of a grateful Republic for the distinguished services rendered by one of her most illustrious sons in his day and generation.

RECEPTIONS to aviators have been the order of the day all over the country. The Lindbergh achievement has stimulated the movement to establish airports

in all the principal cities of the country, and has resulted in extending U. S. Air Mail Service over the high seas. The use of the Air Mail Service now includes express packages, under certain limitations, which fulfill the dream of Robert E. M. Cowie, President of the American Railway Express. Some enthusiasts about the Post Office Department have predicted that the time will come when the Air Mail Service will prove one of the most profitable sources of revenue for the Post Office department. It is pointed out that the American people are always ready to pay for speed, as indicated in the tremendous patronage of the extra-fare railroad trains. The traffic maps of the United States may be as radically changed by the establishment of airport centers as it has been in the past through the centralization of traffic and at business railroad terminal points, resulting in the development of the large cities of America.

DRASTIC broadcasting shifts were made by the Radio Commission to aid rural listeners. It was found that forty percent of the people lived at a distance of seventy-five miles or more from broadcasting stations giving regular or adequate program service. Over half of our one hundred and twenty million people still reside in rural districts, and it was discovered that at least one-fifth of the city and town population were dwelling in communities without any broadcasting whatever of regular programs. It was to secure for these fifty million remote and farm listeners a freer radio channel that the Radio Commission set out to clear a band of non-heterodyning channels from 600 to one



thousand kilocycles. This word "kilocycles" is one that seems to have some real kick in it, and now that it is properly introduced in the radio realm, will become as familiar as garage, café, hangar and thousands of other words that have been warmly welcomed by Americans into their vernacular of "English as spoken" in that area known as the New World since the days of Christopher Columbus.



An American Industrial Ambassador

Walter S. Gifford, the young and energetic President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, an executive who is bringing together the forces that keep business going and distribute the good feeling and benefits of prosperous times to the largest possible extent

ALREADY Mr. Walter S. Gifford, the young and energetic president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. has become one of America's foremost industrial ambassadors. The spirit of good will, understanding and co-operation in business and industrial circles the past four years is the result of very definite executive policies that have come into vogue in these later days. He has virtually spent his lifetime in the telephone business and keeps in touch with the youngest as well as the oldest in the organization. Early in life he learned the value of being a good listener. To see him with Robert W. Devonshire, the first man ever employed by a Telephone company and Thomas Watson, the first man to ever hear speech over the telephone, indicates that he keeps in touch with the very beginning of things as well as in current developments. The story of his life always seems to me a most inspiring example of just what a young man can do in these piping times when he sets out early enough and keeps at it strong enough to make a dent in a vocation that is worthy a lifetime of supreme effort.

"Now, Walter, I have a job for you in a bank," said the father of Walter Sherman Gifford, born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1885, when he graduated from Harvard at twenty. "No, father, I am going to get my own job in something that will give me a better future." Young Walter wrote a letter asking for a position with the General Electric Company but addressed it to Charles Mitchell of the Western Electric Company. That incident probably changed the course of his life, for he received a position with the Western Electric Company and was identified with the tremendous development of the telephone business of the country. At thirty-nine he became president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the largest public service corporation in the world.

* * *

For many years Walter Gifford has been known to us as a worker; yet in all that time he has done nothing spectacular. He simply made his ability count and grew up in the business. Naturally he was the logical man to be chosen as chief executive to follow Mr. Thayer and was elected unanimously. As executive vice-president for several years he just moved up another notch. The most striking thing about Walter Gifford is his naturalness and his poise—he maintains a level. Of the true New England type, he is an all-around, well-developed man in ideas and habits, free from all the peculiarities and

distortions of an erratic genius, and advancement has never spelled assumption with him.

"Get the facts, use the facts, and gain an understanding of the facts. Understanding is a great word," he said as he put down the phone and carried on the thread of conversation calmly.

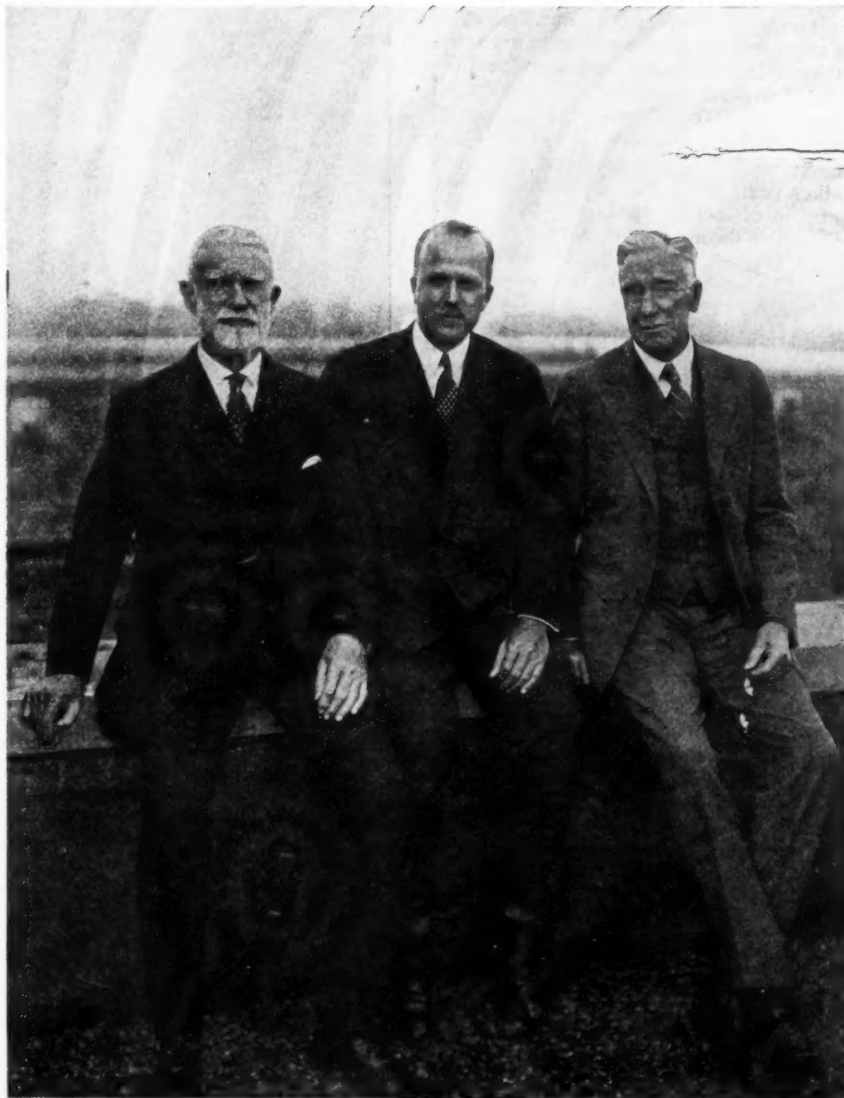
Intimate friends are unable to discover his hobby; he rides horses, but he does not keep a horse; he plays golf, but is not a golfer; while he delights in playing ten-

nis he is not eternally making a racket about it; he is fond of boating, but does not own a yacht—so there you are. He is never too busy to do what has to be done,—whether it is work or play.

During the war Walter Gifford served as director of the National Defense Council and Advisory Commission, and all the strenuous undertakings never seemed to excite him or make him puffed up with his own importance.

Early in 1916 Walter Gifford was super-

Continued on page 326



Robert W. Devonshire, the first man employed by a telephone company; Walter S. Gifford, the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; Thomas Watson, first man to hear speech over the telephone

Concerning a Thrice-elected Governor

The State that is ever ready with Presidential candidates has a Governor thrice elected, father of ten children, who has given ten years of public service heartily approved by his party—Friends insist that his name should appear on the Democratic National Ticket

IN one hundred and twenty-five years of Ohio history, two men have achieved the distinction of being elected three times in succession to the office of governor. This inspired "Southern Ohio and Its Builders" to print this story of Governor Donahey.

Governor Donahey's full name is Alvin Victor Donahey, but in the early days of his public life people began to call him "Vic." There was such a degree of affection in this form of address that the designation came to be adopted officially. Though a native of the northeastern part of the state, Governor Donahey particularly is to be recorded in "Southern Ohio and Its Builders" on two distinct scores: First as governor, but even more appropriately as a real builder in southern Ohio. His monument among the hills and dales of southern Ohio is the system of roadways he has constructed. In many of the counties of the southern part of the state enormous wealth has been taken to enrich the other parts of Ohio. From this section came much of the gas, coal, oil, and timber, and in earlier days no small part of the iron ore that started Ohio upon its industrial career. Having contributed so generously to the building of other portions of the state, southern Ohio itself lacked the means with which to build the hard-surfaced highways that crossed and recrossed other sections. Governor Donahey saw the neglect from which these fair areas had suffered and set about correcting the situation. Under the policy he inaugurated, hundreds of miles of gravel and stone roads were built in that section of the state. Communities which had been mud-bound for generations awakened to a new economic and social life and impetus was given to every department of activity.

Governor Donahey was born on January 7, 1873. His family was of pioneer stock, his great-grandfather having come to Ohio when it was still the Northwest Territory. His great-grandmother Donahey was a cousin of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, and his grandfather, James M. Donahey, was born in Jefferson County about the time Ohio was admitted to the Union.

His father, John C. Donahey, married Harriet Cheney, who was also a descendant of the Titus and Steele families, pioneers of Ohio. The father, who was a teacher, and his mother who supervised his early education, are both dead.

In the beautiful Tuscarawas County Donahey grew to manhood with his brothers, William, creator of the "Teeney Weenies" in the *Chicago Tribune*, and J. H., or "Hal" Donahey, internationally famous cartoonist of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. As a boy, young Donahey was venturesome and of an inquisitive mind. One little story will illustrate the point. Many country people believe that

poke berries are poisonous, but Vic used his eyes, and one day saw a ground hog climb a poke berry plant and eat the berries. Defying tradition and superstition, he ate some of the berries, which experiment confuted the time-honored belief. Today, persons who



Hon. Alvin Victor Donahey, now serving his third term as Governor of Ohio

dine with the Donahey family enjoy a variety of jams and jellies that young Victor later learned to make from poke berries.

Because he wanted to go to work, young Donahey quit high school in the third year to go into a printing office and in less than three years was foreman of the composing room, later buying a job printing plant. At the age of twenty-four he was married to Miss Edith Stirling Harvey, whose maternal grandfather, Jacob S. Stirling, is recognized as one of the founders of Canton. Mrs. Donahey is active in the Daughters of the American Revolution and other patriotic organizations, and is an authority on antiques and colonial customs.

Donahey began his political career as a township clerk and in 1904 was elected by a small majority as auditor of Tuscarawas County. In winning the place he overcame a Republican landslide as a Democrat. Here one might mention the only really doubtful point in his political career, in that, though still a young man, he grew a Van Dyke type

beard in order to convince the older heads that he was mature enough for the post he sought. In another two years he was so thoroughly ingratiated with the people of his county that he was elected by a big majority, without even making a campaign. In 1911 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio in a non-partisan contest, leading his nearest competitor by nearly one thousand votes. Donahey came to Columbus in 1912 to attend the sessions, admittedly inexperienced in questions which puzzled able lawyers. He pursued one course which showed his sagacity. He listened to the older men and refrained from speaking. He read much and sought views from all people whom he could possibly meet. Particularly he formed close acquaintances and friendships among the newspaper writers. His special forte was in working out solutions where conflicting views seemed to make agreement impossible. Observers knew that he had his own ideas, and whenever they did not involve questions of downright principle he was ready for a workable compromise. In this manner the session ended with Donahey a really growing factor in the body.

One day newspaper friends suggested that he become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Auditor of the State. Donahey resisted, saying that he could not afford a campaign. Notwithstanding his refusal, the newspapers announced his candidacy, and Donahey went to Toledo to attend the convention. He won the nomination. His expenses were \$38.40, his hotel bill. He did not even buy a box of cigars. He made his campaign on one slogan, that he would turn on the light in the State Auditor's office, and on the picture of his ten children as ten reasons why he should have the job. In the Democratic sweep of 1912 he was elected, entering office January, 1913, with James M. Cox as Governor.

True to his word, he did turn on the light in the auditor's office. He induced the General Assembly to enact legislation providing that all state funds be paid into the Treasury, breaking up a custom of various departments and commissions handling their accounts through private checking accounts. This policy and one of carefully examining bills to see that the state received full value; careful administration of valuable school lands containing oils and minerals, together with wide dissemination of information about the state, made him tremendously popular, and he was re-elected in 1916 for four years by nearly 50,000 majority.

Early in 1920, Democrats began to petition him to become a candidate for governor, and he was nominated in the primaries. In that year he met his only defeat, losing by 125,000, whereas the rest of the Democratic state

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Barron Collier's Vocation *and* Avocations

The busy life of the street car advertising magnate has not interfered with following his avocations in Boy Scout work, Safety First campaigns and creating a new county in tropical Florida

THE completion of the far-famed Tamiami Trail around the tip of Florida will enable the motorist to see something of the rich primeval resources of the new Collier County. When others were doubting, Barron Collier had faith and went to Florida and invested not in a parcel of land, but in an area which constitutes a county. This section is the last of the southernmost far-flung frontier line of the United States and lies close to the Tropical Zone. The great wealth of timber, including the cypress, called the eternal wood, and land suitable for all sorts of tropical fruits and vegetation, is an empire unto itself. Mr. Collier has developed water transportation, as well as built roads and railroads into this new area. He has a vision that is as big and broad as that revealed in the success of his other extensive business and industrial undertakings.

An ardent believer in exploitation and advertising, he has accomplished much in his "Safety Campaign."

* * *

This original Safety Day some years ago was in charge of Mr. Barron G. Collier, then Deputy Police Commissioner of New York in charge of the Bureau of Safety, who directed the work of thirty specialists, ever alert for new ideas. As the head of the largest single advertising organization in the world, with offices from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf, and directing the advertising in street cars in every city in the nation, Barron G. Collier gave the full force of his life experience and genius to this epochal event.

The trademarked little old lady with stick uplifted gave that touch of humor to a message of warning which children understand.

"People must be led good humoredly into the realm of safety rather than be scared into it," replied Mr. Collier.

The keen eyes of millions of people were virtually observing the parade that day in every town, city and hamlet throughout the land. It broadcasted a story of safety graphically and effectively—a moving picture of Fifth Avenue that inaugurated a great crusade.

Leading the line was Barron Collier, a medium-sized man with prematurely gray hair, whose face always seemed to bear a smile. As the father of a family himself, his heart is wrapped up in the welfare work for children. Vice-president of the Boy Scout organization of New York City that maintains the vacation camps at Bear Mountain, he has proved that the boy born in Memphis, Tennessee, retains the sympathetic spirit of the young lad, who as a telegraph messenger and editor of the school

paper at the age of twelve years, was also securing and studying exploitation as his life work. A crude little card was the beginning of a business that marks the evolution of advertising through the constructive genius of Barron Collier.

"The power of exploitation is not confined

to the mass meeting or legislative halls in these days. People are quick to understand a matter of common interest," he commented. "I never worked harder or enjoyed anything more than to exploit something which concerns the public interest."

In his office on 42nd Street or en route

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Barron G. Collier began selling advertising space on the horse cars in Memphis, Tennessee, when he was sixteen years old. Today, every hour of the twenty-four, people are reading his street-car announcements in the United States, Mexico, Cuba and Canada

Caring For and Curing Crippled Children

The marvelous work accomplished by Bob Babington in his famous Orthopaedic Hospital, which represents the consummation of a dream, inspired by the Master who proclaimed "Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me"—How little crooked limbs have been strengthened and straightened for Life's Journey

THIS is the story of one man's dream, adhered to through years of disappointment and discouragement, finally to triumph and stand full-fledged as a monument to his faith and perseverance. Had it been a selfish dream it would have long ago gone into the discard.



Robert Bruce Babington

It was a dream, the realization of which meant the bringing of life and joy to thousands of underprivileged, crippled children for whom a great State had made no provision. It is the story of how Bob Babington built the North Carolina Orthopaedic Hospital, the only State-owned and State-operated institution of its kind south of Mason and Dixon's line and one of less than a dozen such hospitals in the entire United States.

It was a seemingly insignificant incident that led this man to conceive the plan for establishing such an institution, and therein lies a romance that sounds not a little like the stories one reads in fiction.

It was on a blustery night in March, 1909, that Bob Babington sat by a cozy log fire in the living room at his home reading a fraternal order paper. He was turning the pages rather listlessly when his eye chanced on a story. The title attracted his attention. In substance the story was this: A young mother had become a widow, with a bright and attractive but crippled child left to her care. Unfortunately the husband had made insufficient provision for such an eventuality and the young widow and mother found herself face to face with the age-old problem of providing for herself and the child. After carefully canvassing the situation it seemed

By JAMES W. ATKINS

to her that the only way of solving the problem was to place the child in a charitable institution and go out to make her livelihood as a clerk, stenographer, or in some similar capacity. So she sorrowfully wended her way down to Oxford, North Carolina, where the Masonic bodies and the State jointly had established and were maintaining an orphanage where several hundred boys and girls of the Tar Heel State were being cared for and trained for some useful vocation in life. To the kindly mannered superintendent who greeted her as she entered the portals of the orphanage she told her story. He was sympathetic in his manner, but informed her that no provision was made for taking as inmates children who were not sound of body. It made no difference that the child was bright mentally. It had crippled legs and hence was barred from the institution. There was no ground for argument. The rules and regulations for the governing of the institution expressly forbade the management to accept a child not physically sound. He was sorry, of course, and expressed sympathy. Sorrowfully the disheartened mother turned away.

There are other orphanages, she thought, and turned her face toward another. There she was met with the same reply. Over the State she went or wrote, trying to find an institution that would take her child and thus allow her to earn an honest living for herself. Every door was closed.

What became of the mother and the child

he been the years which intervened between the conception of the idea and its actual realization might have been shortened considerably. He was a salaried man; manager of a telephone company and his time belonged to the corporation. Then he had a family of his own to look after and provide for. But acting on the old proverb that "where there's a will, there's a way," he set to work, during his leisure time, to bring about a realization of his dream.

It was but a short time until all of Babington's business associates and his friends began to look askance at him. They thought he was going nutty, to use an ordinary slang phrase. He talked in season and out about this orthopaedic hospital—a place where the indigent crippled children of sound mind of the State might not only find a refuge and a home, but where they might have their crooked limbs and bodies made over by skilled surgeons. It was a fine idea, said everyone to whom he mentioned his plan—and that included everybody he came in contact with. But that was about the extent of their interest.

The more he thought about the proposed institution, the more convinced was Babington that it should be built and maintained by the State, just as its insane asylums, houses of correction and homes for the feeble-minded. So he began to lay his plans to besiege the General Assembly at its next biennial session. The time came. Babington spent most of the sixty-day session hanging around the State House in Raleigh. He got acquainted with practically all the legislators in the State. Soon they began to have the same



Main building of the Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, North Carolina

the story did not disclose. There the record ended so far as they were concerned. But the tragic story took hold on the mind of Babington as he read it. It planted a seed in his mind which grew and grew and would not let him rest. This thing, he said to himself, must not keep on this way. Something must be done about it. There are certainly many other cases like it. Nobody seems to have taken the trouble to provide for cases of this kind. I must do it. And he did, as the story of subsequent events discloses.

Babington was not a wealthy man. Had

idea about him that the folks back home had—that he was nutty. He finally got a hearing before the finance committee of the General Assembly. He unfolded his story. It sounded good. The members of the committee told him they thought he had a fine idea and that such an institution was needed. However, the State was poor. It had a big road-building program on, calling for the expenditure of millions. All the established institutions of the State needed more buildings and more money for maintenance. The taxpayers of the State were howling, as they

always do, about taxes. They couldn't do anything for him. Perhaps another General Assembly could figure out some way to give him some money. The session ended. He went back to his home in Gastonia empty-handed—but not defeated. He kept pegging away. He talked about this project. He enlisted the sympathy of newspaper men and the journals of the State began to carry occasional stories about it. He began to get some encouragement. The germ had begun its work. By the time the General Assembly met again he was able to muster a pretty fair delegation of influential men from his own county and a few from other sections of the State to go with him to present another plea for State financial assistance.

It was six years later, during the closing hours of the 1915 session of the General Assembly, that the small appropriation of \$25,000 for building and an annual allowance of \$7,500 for maintenance was made. These amounts were entirely inadequate for inaugurating the program Babington had in mind, but it was a start. Babington's long campaign was at least beginning to bear fruit.

A committee appointed by Governor Thomas W. Bickett, under authorization of the act making the appropriation, was appointed some time later and met in Charlotte in April, 1917, to consider proposed sites for the institution. It was composed of Dr. J. Y. Joyner, State superintendent of educa-

tion; State senator F. C. Harding; O. Max Gardiner, former lieutenant-governor; R. B. Babington and Col. Wade H. Harris, editor of *The Charlotte Observer*.

Of the sites offered, one of 28½ acres near Gastonia was chosen. It offered an ideal location in that it was the highest point in the vicinity and commanded a view for miles around on every side. On a clear day the skyscrapers in Charlotte, twenty miles away, are visible as are lights in that city at night.

There was a string to the first appropriation bill. It was in the shape of a requirement that the locality in which the institution should be located must raise an amount equal to that furnished by the State. In this case the amount, of course, was \$25,000. It was soon raised by popular subscription, most of it being contributed by residents of Gaston county. The General Assembly of 1919 added \$20,000 to the original, making a total of \$70,000 available for building.

The first brick was laid on New Year's Day, 1920, and the cornerstone was laid on June 6 of the same year with Governor Bickett as the principal speaker and an audience of two thousand or more people.

In June, 1921, the hospital was opened, and from that day until the present there has never been an empty bed. Dedicatory exercises were held August 18, 1921, the principal address being made by Dr. Plato Durham, dean of the theological department of Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia.

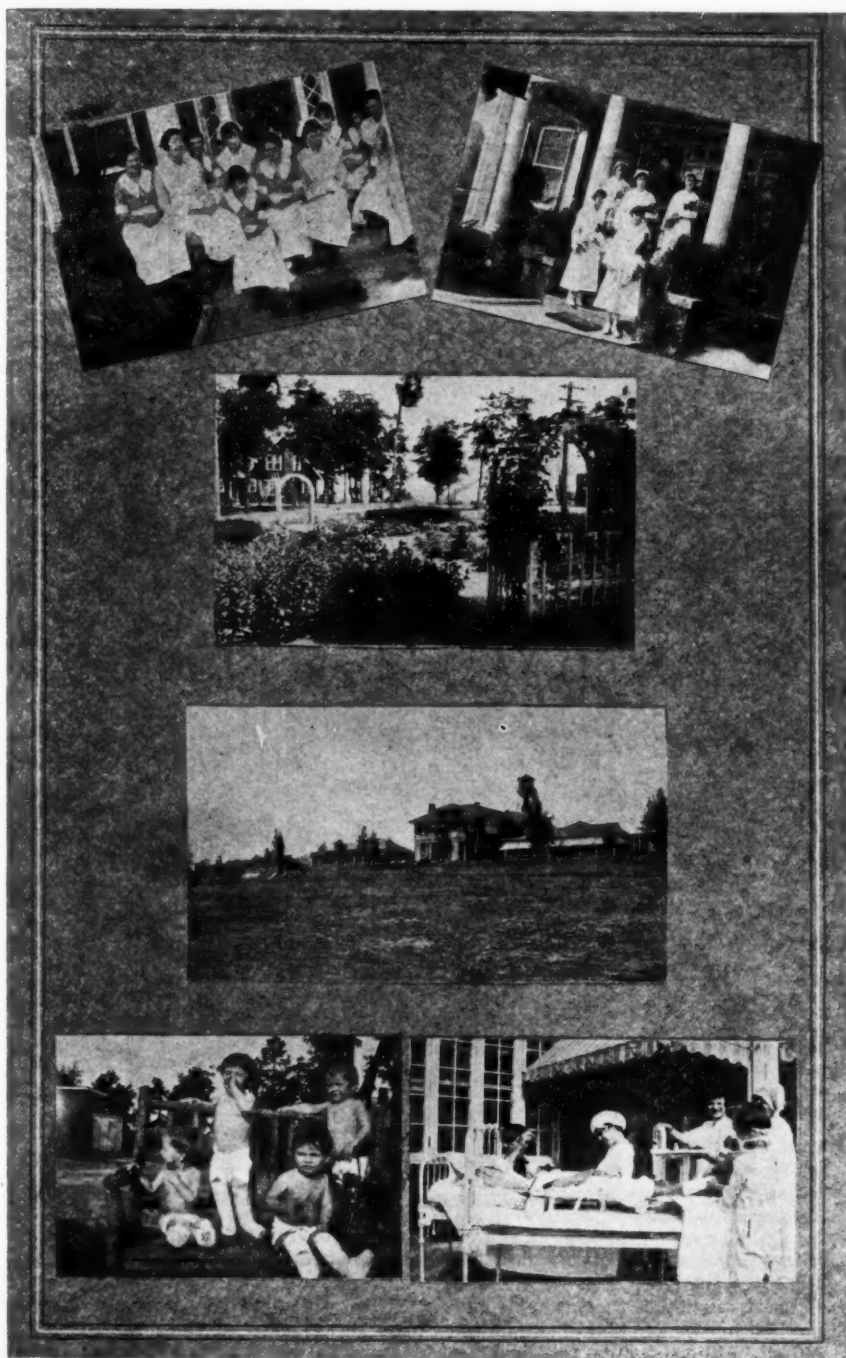
Before the institution was completed public interest over the state had been aroused to the point where little difficulty was experienced in persuading the General Assembly of 1921 to appropriate an additional \$100,000 to complete the hospital.

Other appropriations were made, the latest being \$175,000 by the General Assembly of 1927 which is now being used to enlarge the capacity of the institution, increasing the bed capacity from 72 to 120 in the white section. Through the generosity of Mr. Benjamin N. Duke, of New York, a unit for colored children, for whom no provision had previously been made, was established with a capacity of twenty beds, and this, too, has been full to capacity since its opening in March, 1925. The annual maintenance fund from the State is now \$112,500 per year. In the fall of 1925 Mr. E. D. Latta, a capitalist of Charlotte and Asheville, died and left the income on \$500,000 for the hospital maintenance fund.

The building program for the present year includes a ward of fifty beds for the isolation of tubercular bone cases for white children, new and larger clinic wards for outside patients, a central heating plant, an ice plant and a new recreational and school building.

Since the hospital opened its doors six years ago, more than 2,400 crippled orphan children from 99 of the 100 counties in the State have passed through it. A very large percentage of these have been entirely cured of their defects, while the others have been greatly helped. Many hundreds of boys and girls all over North Carolina are on their feet today in shape to make useful citizens; boys and girls who perhaps would never have taken a step but for this institution. The saving to the State in man-power, to say nothing of the joy of living brought to these clouded lives, is beyond all computation in dollars and cents. The colored section, open for only two years, has turned out 110 patients.

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Scenes at the Orthopaedic Hospital, Gastonia, North Carolina

Adolph Zukor of Paramount Picture Fame

The Little Napoleon of the motion picture world goes merrily on in the shake-up at Hollywood—Incidents in the romantic career of the lad from foreign lands who won fame and fortune in his adopted country

A SHAKEUP in moviedom is reported from Hollywood, but the intrepid little Napoleon of the motion picture realm, Mr. Adolph Zukor, goes on his way. His new Paramount Theatre in New York and plans for more theatres indicate that the motion picture industry is very likely to hold its own as the fourth largest in the country. It was Mr. Zukor who was largely responsible for bringing Will H. Hays into the charmed circle of motion picture production. The incidents recorded day by day in the busy life of Adolph Zukor would furnish material for one of the most striking scripts that has ever been placed before a director to produce in the way of a stirring and gripping motion picture that would arrest attention mid the glaring signs and bright lights of Broadway.

"The motion picture is another form of publishing," declared Adolph Zukor with the immobile expression of the deliberate judicial opinion enlivened in the flash of his dark eyes.

These were the words of the dominant figure in providing amusement for the American people.

* * *

Adolph Zukor looms, in this field, as large as Schwab or Gary in steel, Armour or Swift in food supplies, Ford, Willys or Durant in automobiles, yet his name is not as well known as these. Adolph Zukor is a quiet, unassuming little man, a bundle of dynamic power.

Mr. Zukor gave me something to ponder over as I visited his busy office in the late afternoon. At his desk, placed diagonally across the room—providing a focus for the widened vision—he views his visitors intently as within the angle of a camera.

"There is no mystic route to success in the motion picture business," Mr. Zukor said, answering my question. "It is the same in every other business in the world. To succeed—one must please, and rivet popular interest. The power of the motion picture has only begun to develop. Its public influence is tremendous and far reaching, but," he added significantly, with an emphatic glance upwards to me, "the whole future depends upon holding the confidence of the people. Interest is the first requisite, for the people must be entertained. At the same time there is the great opportunity for education."

I thought of Thomas Edison's statement that 85 per cent of the knowledge of people with sight comes through the eye.

"The play is the thing in motion picture," continued Mr. Zukor, "just as surely as it is true in the case of the legitimate theatre."

That is the reason why he is called the "Napoleon of the Movies." With keen, farsighted, broad vision, Zukor knew it to be the truth some years in advance of his contemporaries. He was responsible for the first feature picture ever produced, which was Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," made in five reels. Previous to that time,

In the beginning Adolph Zukor set the pace, and anyone who knows the film business will tell you that he is still setting the pace, for it was the same aggressive and forward pushing man who, in conjunction with the Authors League of America, called an International Congress of Authors, where ways and means for a closer co-oper-



Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous-Players-Lasky

it was believed that an audience would not sit through more than two reels on a single subject. Zukor insisted they would and backed up his insistence with his money. Today, thirty million people are looking at the feature pictures almost every hour of the twenty-four, in the U. S. A.

ation between the author and the motion picture studio was the objective.

"Do you believe progress has been made?" I asked at the close of this Congress. To which he replied, "As to important results, I do not expect much that is tangible, but I do anticipate the eventual

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The Junior Rockefeller—a Senior in his Work

Activities of J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. in business and philanthropic undertakings—Urges that testimony be given in public hearings—Meeting the strike situation courageously with the hope of enduring and equitable industrial relations

THERE have been a number of times in the career of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., when he has met an emergency in a way that commends him as a patriotic, well-balanced and earnest citizen of the United States, who possesses the tested qualities of leadership: In the Colorado strikes and in the recent oil investigation in Washington, he demonstrated that he believed first of all in telling the truth under all circumstances. His imperative suggestion to Mr. Stewart of the Indiana Oil Company, who had sought to evade giving testimony on a writ of habeas corpus, was indicative of his established policy.

During a busy afternoon I met him after a list of callers had come and gone. He was attired in a gray business suit, and, looking from his window out over the harbor he commented concisely.

"There is never a time or place when the ends of justice should not be served when within the reach of an individual."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He attended the public schools and Brown University. In 1901 he married the daughter of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and has been devoted to his growing family.

When he graduated from Brown University some of his colleagues wanted him to join them in a trip around the world, but his early training asserted itself and he said:

"My father says he needs my help in his business enterprises and he comes first."

Shortly after this John D. Rockefeller, Sr., retired from active business and tremendous responsibilities automatically fell on the young shoulders of young John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He continued consistent and persistent in his ideals. He was made chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation and trustee of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. A large portion of every day has been devoted to these activities. He is the director of the General Education Board, the Bureau of Social Hygiene, the International Health Board and the China Medical Board.

* * *

In his office at 26 Broadway he took up the routine of business activity. The magnitude and multitude of his philanthropic activities can scarcely be conceived as included in the schedule of one man's work.

He applied the principles of successful business in his church and benevolent work. While traveling abroad he looked into the necessities of health and hygiene as primary essentials for mere comfort. Few men of his wealth and position have been

more practical in their sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties besetting the average individual in the struggles of life.

The analysis of the mining situation of Colorado was a long step in the decision towards a solution of many vexatious problems.

After attending a dinner given to one of his bible classes, and meeting John Davison

It is candor itself. About medium in stature, he has the well-poised manner of a man who has executive and directive ability and does his work in an office devoid of a lavish display of luxury that enthrones the retreat of many captains of industry.

In his correspondence with Senator Walsh, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has proven his right to public esteem and confidence.



John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Rockefeller, Jr., I revised some of the estimates and impressions I had gleaned from fragmentary comments concerning the son of John D. Rockefeller.

He smiled when I asked the question, "Are you a fundamentalist or a modernist?"

"I am neither," he replied with a smile. "I believe in the spirit of tolerance. Any man has a right to his own beliefs and convictions, and I am for freedom in religious beliefs as one of the fundamental tenets of our government."

With deep set eyes, hair streaked with gray, a square forehead, he has a direct and wholesome way of looking at you and talking straight to the point in conversation.

Some time ago he defined the moral ethics of corporation officials in the following statement:

"It is as much the duty of the officers of a corporation as it is of private citizens to observe both the letter and the spirit of the law, and in any company in which I am interested all the influence I have has been and will be exerted to that end."

His recent action in reference to the testimony asked at the Sinclair Teapot Dome hearing indicates that this was not an idle gesture. He has lived his life clean and wholesome, and has lifted the standard a little higher than it was when he entered the realm of financial and industrial activities. He is first and last for the publicity

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Glimpse of Editor Lorimer at his S. E. "Post"

Editor of The Saturday Evening Post in his office overlooking Independence Square, Philadelphia, does some thinking of what his readers would like in the world-famous weekly periodical which has become an institution

THE Census Department at Washington might compute the fact that the American people and readers the world over are carrying about with them every year 135,000,000 pounds of a periodical known as the *Saturday Evening Post*. On Thursdays it appears and by the following Thursday it disappears, because a new number is ready. The people have the S. E. P. habit and think they are missing something if they have not reviewed the contents and the advertisements. They feel that it is the last word in current affairs and dominant thought. The millions of dollars invested by advertisers in the *Saturday Evening Post* is in one way a superb compliment to the editor who sits in his office overlooking Independence Square, Philadelphia, with the thought now and then of the Liberty Bell and Declaration of Independence, but chiefly concerned as to what the people would like to read six weeks or six months hence. Consequently, George Horace Lorimer, may be regarded as somewhat of a prophet and seer, as well as a hardworking editor.

For the first year of its new birth by Cyrus H. K. Curtis in 1900, the *Saturday Evening Post*, founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, which has now become the most successful weekly periodical in the world, floundered for a year trying to find itself. A million dollars had been expended and no profits. The publisher met George H. Lorimer, the son of the late Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, for many years the pastor at Tremont Temple, Boston, and made him assistant editor. He certainly assisted. Young Lorimer had at that time tried his wings in journalism after a flight or two on a business job and made some very successful flights on the *Boston Record*.

Although not yet called a Colonel, with a place on the Governor's staff, he was born in Louisville, Kentucky, where his father was stationed at the time. Educated at Mosely High School in Chicago, he began a college course and has been given the degrees of Litt. D., and LL. D. at Colby and Yale.

Holding a position with Armour & Company in Chicago furnished him some interesting data. He was not a shining success as a clerk, for he had too many ideas that did not work according to the rules of the department—he was creating new rules. These experiences furnished the material for the famous "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which made a tremendous hit for the author-editor and added a new character, "Old Gorgon Graham," to the cast of characters popular in best sellers. Other books, "The False Gods"

and "Jack Spurlock," followed, but the "Self-Made Merchant" appealed to sons and merchants alike.

This work established George H. Lorimer as a real editor, one who not only knows how to direct others, but knows how to get

vertising bulk. But all will admit that George Lorimer, sitting in his office smoking his favorite brand of cigarettes, can tell more in a shorter time to a contributor of what not to write than any man who ever occupied an editorial chair.



George H. Lorimer,
editor of
The Saturday
Evening Post

Photo by
Elias Goldensky

the best work from an author. Many of the striking feature stories and articles that have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* were the outgrowth of close-up conferences with the editor.

Attacks on the evils in modern business were projected through the medium of fiction, instead of making a frontal attack. The guise of a story gave wider latitude without comebacks. Dickens understood it; so does Lorimer. American short-story writing was stimulated to a degree never known before. Under the traditional blue pencil of the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, much of the best material that has ever been seen on the stage, in the movies or in novel form, passed before it before appearing in the S. E. P.

By leaps and bounds, until now it is a library in itself, the periodical founded by the author of "Poor Richard" has become a world institution. It has a style peculiarly its own. Millions like it and swear by it; some don't like it and swear at its ad-

The very furnishings of the room have something of the quaint and inspiring atmosphere of the times of Benjamin Franklin. The spirit of the discoverer of electricity with a kite prevails to the extent of maintaining a solid measure of literary worth to the column. The typographical make-up and "dress" of the *Saturday Evening Post* was distinctly Franklinesque. The covers carry a bit of red or orange, as indicating flashes of humor to give piquant phases of illustrative and artistic genius as a news-stand magnet drawing the five cents every time.

Editor George Horace Lorimer has traveled widely and knows what the people of the various sections are thinking about. He knows the young mind. "Editing the *Saturday Evening Post* is a question of balance and material, light and shade contrasts, for business and literary minds. It has to be searched out. Every article goes through the hands of a large number of readers. The people our readers seem to

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George Eastman Hunting With a Camera

The creator of Kodak and the premier of the photographic world in Africa hunting big game with lenses rather than rifles—Career of the man who made modern photography a science and an art

WHEN George Eastman sailed for Africa recently he marked the beginning of a new era of hunting game in the dark continent with a camera rather than firearms. It has been discovered that even the roaring lion is a peaceable cuss if he is not threatened with death, while others recently returned have declared it is even more hazardous to hunt with a camera than with firearms, for the reason that you have to come closer to the game with a camera than with a trusty rifle. They also argue that the dumb animal is not yet gun wise, for how is the brute to know that the eye of the lens is not the mouth of a small cannon. At all events, we will know much more about big game hunting in Africa when the intrepid inventor of the Kodak returns home to tell us all about it in vivid pictures caught by the lens operating under the magic of tropical suns.

We are prone to think of Eastman as Rochester, N. Y., and Rochester as Eastman. Rochester may not be a one-man town, but it could hardly be mentioned without thinking of one man. And that man is George Eastman.

In his own private projection room, near his office in Rochester, George Eastman talked about almost everything except the movies. He was interested in talking pictures, and color pictures, because they were a future development. He walked into the lamp house of his little projection room, and there he showed great familiarity, particularly with the mechanism of an old color projection machine—the invention of his friend, Gaumont of Paris.

Eastman is a business man with the bearing of an artist. He has white hair, and though past seventy years of age, he is smooth shaven and looks much younger. He is soft spoken, and is extremely reticent, shrinking from any sort of publicity. Perhaps his predominating trait is his love of music, which led him to install a magnificent pipe organ in his own home. The same love of music is apparent in the founding of a Conservatory of Music at Rochester and the erection of the Eastman Theatre, one of the finest in the world.

Although born in Waterville, New York, he grew up in Rochester, and Rochester has been his home ever since. Indeed, it has been more than that. It has been his hobby. The Rochester Conservatory of Music has been the result of his generosity. But that is the end, not the beginning of this story.

Flashing back, then, to the days when young George Eastman, a boy of fourteen, had never heard of a film or a kodak—nor had the world—we find a lad with very

empty pockets, who knew he must "go to work."

To George Eastman, "go to work" meant just that. There was no wealthy family relative to "place" him. So he placed him-

he is an "up and outer," not so different from any "down and outer" asleep on a park bench.

One day, in 1878, when Santo Domingo was attracting the country's attention,



George Eastman, who is hunting for wild game in Africa with his camera

self as office boy at five dollars a week. For six years he held down this job. Then Aladdin rubbed the lamp—or so young Eastman thought. For he jumped suddenly to the dizzy height of a bank clerkship at \$800 a year.

Again, he stuck. But he did not become complacent. For it is his life theory that the man who feels he has reached the limit of his ability has simply stopped thinking;

Eastman decided to go down there. He was advised to take a camera along. He purchased one, but found its wet plates and paraphernalia too awkward to carry in traveling. This annoyed him. It also piqued his interest. He forgot Santo Domingo and began to study the camera, with the result that eventually—after long years of struggle, failure, and success—he gave to the world the film and the kodak.

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The Story of Two Dogs

A graphic and gripping story of the redeeming power and love of animals for and upon human beings that will appeal to everyone who has felt the heart impulse in love for animals suggesting the real key of life



By

ARTHUR EDWARD STILWELL

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN AT REDGAP

WHEN Hadley had time thoroughly to inspect his recently acquired property he came to the conclusion that the deal had been a profitable one for him. His quick eye discerned the presence of valuable minerals in the soil, and instinctively his mind turned to the commercial side.

Here was potential wealth staring him in the face. With his gift for turning every opportunity to gain there would be little difficulty in wresting a million from this beautiful wilderness.

But the true import of his position came to him and sent his half-matured schemes flying. What use had he for money? He felt he hated it now as he hated all things, other than himself.

A new sense of power had come to him—power over these broad, beautiful acres, gushing torrents and mighty rocks. Here at least he was master. There should be no more rebellion against the power he wielded. These mut things were his to do as he liked with—to succor—to destroy—to blast into nothingness if he so chose.

Chetwynd's pictures annoyed him. Most of them were of an allegorical character, depicting Hope with her broken lute, and Justice wielding a sword. There was a beautiful pastel of a youth halting in an

ascending woodland path to grasp the hand of an aged woman, struggling along under the burden of years. It was labeled "Sympathy." It failed to find any respondent note in the bosom of John Hadley. He pulled it from the wall and told Zoom to take it away.

He ordered new pictures from a New York dealer and substituted them for the old ones. The new pictures were more to his taste—battle pieces and seascapes. He felt better in this more compatible environment and wondered why Chetwynd had chosen such sentimental rubbish.

He turned his attention to Prince Victor. The beautiful police dog was the chief bane of his existence. It revived a little incident that caused him no small amount of chagrin. At first he had believed the dog would die—and sincerely hoped this might come to pass. For three weeks after Chetwynd's departure Victor was like the ghost of his former self. He scarcely ate or slept. His intelligent eyes lost their lustre, and the coat of him seemed bedraggled and lifeless.

In his own queer way he was pondering over this change of masters. The daily fondlings were gone; the hand that had loved to linger on his furry body had mysteriously vanished. He roamed in the woodlands and up the mountain top, in the fervent hope that Chetwynd might be hiding from him in play as he used to do.

But there was no Chetwynd. The beloved master had vanished into the dim spaces and in his place had come a strange creature who looked at him with eyes of hate and who spoke not with the voice of Chetwynd but in language that conveyed nothing to him.

Only Zoom remained—Zoom who never spoke, but understood. It was to Zoom he went in his trouble, and with Zoom he lived in the little hut up among the pines.

Hadley was glad the dog had taken himself off in this way. It saved him the trouble of kicking him out. He could still use him—as he meant to use him—for shooting purposes without the annoyance of having the brute about the house.

Surviving the first pangs of immense loss Victor began to mend. He took his feed regularly and ceased to wander and murmur in the woods in vain seeking. He understood that by some strange bargain he was now the property of the usurper. Rebellion never occurred to him—which was a lucky thing for his well-being. He accepted the new master as a populace accepts a tyrant ruler. He obeyed him, not out of fear, but because it seemed to him to be the scheme of things.

When Hadley roared "get out" he got out. When Hadley kicked him he merely shivered and was silent. But the mail-carrier from Charlesville who witnessed this meek acceptance of ill usage and fool-

ishly attempted a similar assault, in a moment of bad temper, regretted it to his dying day.

There was only one master in Victor's scheme of creation and that master—for the present—was Hadley. Chetwynd's reappearance would have immediately altered the state of things—but Chetwynd did not appear, and Hadley remained the All Powerful.

In a few short weeks Hadley had created an impression in the township down in the valley. Charlesville was used to strange men, they roamed in from the lumber camp to spend their savings in a few evenings of riotous living, to drift onward into the unknown.

This human flotsam was interesting enough in its way, comprising as it did the whole gamut of humanity from the professional hobo to the broken gentleman. But Charlesville was used to them. It took their money in exchange for bad whiskey and a spin of the roulette wheel, and let them go.

It was a ramshackle place enough—a collection of wooden shanties scattered along a deep valley, with the Fraser River running close by, and towering hills overgrown to the timber line rolling away into strange and wonderful mists.

Its sparse population did all manner of things—from sheep rearing to timber felling, all on a very small scale. Rocky Valley set in the heart of this wonderland of nature carried on its rough life, indifferent to the remote outer world. Only those wanderers who drifted in and out reminded it that there was aught else than the rough, almost primitive, existence of the hills.

When Hadley, out of mere curiosity drove into Charlesville one afternoon he created a furore. They had heard of Chetwynd, living up there in the hills and, knowing him to be a man of wealth, had promptly assumed him to be some sort of a lunatic. Jake, the mail-carrier, had brought strange stories of this beautiful shack in the wilderness, wherein dwelled a silent man and his dog—not to mention an oily-faced "injun."

Local gossip had apprised them that a stranger had supplanted Chetwynd, and from the mail bag they had learned that his name was John Hadley and that he was pleased to call his place "Redgap."

Jake's description of Hadley was terse and scarcely complimentary.

"Kind o' guy that makes yore spine feel as loose as a wheat stalk."

"What's his lay—prospectin'?"

"Gawd knows. Whenever I see him he's popping a gun off—damn nearly shot me las' week."

"What's become of the 'injun'?"

"Oh, he's there all right. Some colony that—a dawg, a mute and a human alligator."

Jake tossed off his drink. Two rough men lounged up to the counter.

"Seem to know that name—Hadley—John Hadley. Whar in hell have I heered it?" said one.

His bearded, beetle-browed comrade scratched his head.

"It do seem familiar like—John Hadley—John—I got you—Steel Boss. Gee—but if it's the John Hadley, Charlesville's git-ting speshully favored."

Jake started.

"Steel? That's him all right. I've taken letters up there from the New Orleans Steel Corporation. Say, ain't we comin' on some? But what's he doin' in these yere parts."

Oloroyd, the cigar-chewing proprietor of the Fraser Hotel, polished a glass with a filthy rag and winked one eye.

"When you see a Wall Street millionaire hitting the trail for a doggorn place like Redgap there's a deal more than his health at stake. That's gold in that property. There was a gink once who came here with a big poke of dust. Someone filled him full o' lead before we could draw him out. But when the 'doc' ran over his anatomy there were mor'n a dozen dawg's teeth marks on the backside of him and there ain't no dog that 'ud do that nearer than Redgap."

Jake scowled as he remembered his own little experience with Prince Victor. The two strangers looked at each other and dropped the subject.

At that moment McPhey, who kept the store in Charlesville, found himself face to face with no less a person than the mysterious owner of Redgap. Behind Hadley shuffled the mute figure of Zoom.

McPhey put his huge hands on the counter and stared.

"Do you keep shot-gun ammunition?"

McPhey, who had scarcely any demand for anything more sporting than a .45 "manstopper," searched around and found a big consignment that he had sorrowfully written down as bad stock two years back.

"Twelve bore—No. 2," he said laconically.

Hadley stared at it coldly.

"What's the price?"

"Two-dollars-fifty the hundred."

"How much have you got?"

"Nigh on five thousand."

"All right—I'll take 'em."

"What—the lot?"

"Yes—pack 'em up."

McPhey nearly fell under the counter. He, at any rate, had no doubts about Hadley. What man other than a lunatic would want five thousand rounds of ammunition? He packed them up quickly lest his customer should regain his sanity and change his mind. Zoom shuffled out with them. Hadley flung down the money and followed.

"If it's killin' 'e's after, 'e's got enough powder and shot in that bunch to kill all the livestock in Canady," ruminated McPhey.

In the meantime Hadley drove back over the rolling country into Redgap, having seen enough of Charlesville in half an hour to satisfy his curiosity. It was a bedlam of noises that insulted his ears. The crowds of riffraff who stared at him rudely and out of whose eyes shone the hopelessness of their souls merely succeeded in arousing his contempt. Every man got what he deserved—that and no less—what need to pity them?

He was glad when the last wisp of smoke

of Charlesville was hidden from view and the glades of the forest enveloped him and the silent Zoom.

He arrived home in the fierce heat of the day to find a stranger awaiting him. The latter was in riding garb and near him was a horse tethered to a tree.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said smiling. "Henry Woodrow—I heard you had bought this place and thought I would give myself the pleasure of calling on you. I rode over from Charlesville. I—er—run the Mission there."

Hadley shook hands and ordered Zoom to take Woodrow's horse into the stable. Woodrow followed him into the house.

Hadley had taken in Woodrow in one swift glance—a young man of English origin, muscular, determined, good-natured. The kind of man who instinctively commanded respect and admiration.

Woodrow on the other hand saw a hard-faced, pugnacious fellow, of tremendous mental power, adamant in his resolutions—pitiless in his actions—a man with a frozen soul.

"So you run the Mission down there, eh?"

"I do, among other things. I also act as doctor, legal advisor and what not. Charlesville isn't what one might term progressive in its views, and there's not sufficient scope to induce either a doctor or a solicitor to try his luck. The average sick man in Charlesville looks upon heat rum as the antidote to all bodily ailments, and it's no easy job to teach them otherwise."

"You knew Chetwynd?" asked Hadley suddenly.

"Yes."

"Did he attend your service?"

Woodrow laughed.

"No—we begged to differ on the subject of religion—but he was a splendid fellow with a heart of gold. He pulled the township through a bad dose of Diphtheria by sending down nurses and doctors from up country."

Hadley frowned and offered Woodrow a cigar which he took and lighted.

"I envy you this place," he said, gazing round the comfortable room. "I don't wonder Chetwynd had his own religious views. Out here one dwells at peace with God. Civilization as we know it is very much like a disease. I suppose man at his worst is about the vilest thing under the sun, and at his best little less than an archangel."

Hadley began to take an interest in Woodrow, despite his repugnance of "the cloth." He disagreed on every point but secretly admired the younger man's enthusiasm.

"So you hope to change humanity, eh?"

"Yes."

Hadley laughed cynically.

"You can put him in a silk hat and tail coat but your man will remain unchanged at heart, you're going to waste a deal of time in trying to change human nature. It's unchangeable."

"I'll never believe that, sir."

"You'll get to believe it in time. The big fishes eat the little fishes. The hawks eat the smaller birds. It's the universal

law. We don't eat the smaller men but we smash 'em and shall keep on smashing 'em. They talk a lot of Socialism in New York, but it merely bears out the theory—a lot of men with nothing trying to get the other fellow's goods, and the thing that maintains the law is the sense of self-protection which teaches a man to cling to all he has, and seek for more. All life is hate and the one who hates best gets most."

Woodrow's mouth shut like a trap. He stared at Hadley.

"You don't believe that?"

"I do. I'm sorry to upset your theories—but that's mine."

Woodrow stared into the fire. Hadley's frigid look caused him physical pain.

"But to be hated is terrible. I'd rather sit in rags, starving, and be loved by a kitten, than dwell in opulence and suffer men's hate."

Hadley stood up.

"Look at me," he ejaculated. "I was the most hated man in New York when I left it. They hated me because they feared me. We all played the same game under the same rules. I won and most of the others lost. That's why they hated me. Down in that infernal town today there were men who hated me at first sight. They hated me because they were losers."

"Was it hate you saw, or merely the reflection of your own feelings," retorted Woodrow simply. "I see no hate there—merely a groping in the dark."

"And you are going to bring them light, eh? You are going to make them love you—and me?"

"I am going to try. If I fail it will be my fault, not theirs."

"And if you succeed what do you get? Sloppy adulation—superficial benefactions!"

Woodrow breathed hard. His eyes flashed.

"I detest sentiment in its raw state," he said. "But I believe in Love as a gigantic force—not the 'maudlin adulation' you mentioned, but something substantially rooted that insistently demands sacrifice of its possessor."

Hadley laughed and lighted his fifth cigar.

Woodrow took a good long look at him. He was puzzled.

"Have you—have you ever loved anything?"

He thought he discerned a look of intense pain in the hard eyes, fugitively hiding behind their frigidness.

"I loved a woman once," he said tensely. "She was my mother. God! What did I get for that but heartbreak? If I had loved her less I might have been saved a heap of pain. She was killed by this doctrine of hate, while I was playing the fool. Later I loved a girl—well, never mind that, but I wish I hadn't. I'm safe in hating—it doesn't hit back."

Half an hour later Woodrow rose to go, amazed by the interview.

"You can't leave tonight," said Hadley. "You'll never make the township—it's inky black and the going's bad."

So Woodrow stayed the night.

In the morning he found Hadley out in

the woods with gun and dog, killing to his heart's content. It wasn't sport, but pure annihilation. Hadley shot sitting birds and small, slow, creatures of the woods with a twelve bore shot gun, a proceeding which filled Woodrow's sporting soul with disgust.

"Ridding them of a foul disease—life," said Hadley cruelly.

He brought down a squirrel which lay squirming on the ground.

"Get him, Victor," he snapped.

The dog looked up at him appealingly. He had never done this sort of thing before. Chetwynd had confined his shooting to the wild things that flew like thunderbolts. This fluffy-tailed squirrel was quite a different thing. . . . He hesitated.

"Get him, damn you," roared Hadley.

The dog trotted forward and arrived just in time to see the squirrel disappear up a tree. Hadley's shot had merely chipped his tail. The dog's reluctance and final failure enraged the "sportsman."

"Come here!" he yelled.

Prince Victor obeyed. He was in fault—he knew it and made no attempt to evade the consequences. His long ears went back as Hadley's fist almost knocked him over.

"Sir," expostulated Woodrow.

"It's the doctrine he understands."

"Is it? You'll learn otherwise one day."

Woodrow sat mounted on his horse prior to leaving.

"Thanks for putting me up. It's been an interesting visit."

"Glad you think so," said Hadley.

Woodrow nettled his brows and, on the verge of starting his mount, turned and said:

"We've been very frank, haven't we? Nothing like frankness. I can't think what makes me like you. You're a brute of the first water—a domineering mountebank. Better have it flat."

"Good for you," retorted Hadley. "It's the kind of talk I understand. Come again when you feel disposed."

"I will. Good day."

He rode away.

CHAPTER VIII

STICKINE

NORTH of sixty, two men were trudging through the first snow of winter. The elder of the two was a giant of a fellow—six feet ten in his socks, with a beard a foot long, and shoulders like an ox. A woollen cap was pulled over his ears and from his long mouth protruded the stump of a pipe. He labored under the cognomen of Abraham Innestow, but his companion called him Abe, which saved a lot of breath.

The younger man was as heavily laden as his companion. From his neck to his waist all kinds of queer parcels were suspended. He looked small beside the massive figure of Abe, but this was a mere illusion for he was well above the average, broad-shouldered and agile.

He stood for a moment waiting for his companion who had slipped into a treacherous hole.

"Come on Abe—you elephant."

"All right, Kid, but it's a hell of a business, this. Why in the name of ginger didn't we trade something for snowshoes, up yonder?"

"How did I know it was going to snow?"

"Where there's clouds there's snow this end of the season. How far are we from Stickine?"

"What's the use of asking me? You ought to know—you were born hereabouts."

Abe scanned the desolate white track of country. The land immediately before him took an upward curve, culminating in a timbered ridge.

"Over there's Stickine—matter of three miles."

"Come on then—it's infernally cold."

Abe grunted up the slope and made valiant attempts to keep to the heel of his nimble companion.

"Say, Kid, yore some trotter, ain't you?"

"I don't let myself run to fat."

"Fat! Tain't 'xactly fat—but it's durned heavy, whatever it is. And I remember the time when I just tipped the scale at one hundred and sixty."

They trudged along in silence for a while, the fine snow driving into their eyes and the darkness settling down at every step. Abe was trying to figure out the value of their season's produce.

"What's a hundred ounces of dust at eighteen dollars?"

"Eighteen hundred I believe."

"Aw—and there's twenty-three silver fox skins, nine skunk and one grizzly. Can't say what price skins'll fetch this fall—but we ain't done so badly, Kid."

They had reached the summit of the hill. The younger man hunched up his heavy packs and stopped. Three thousand feet below gleamed a score of lights scattered haphazard over the valley.

"Stickine," said Abe.

"Yes and I'm going to stick in when I get there—I'm frozen. What sort of a place is it?"

"Ornary kind of hell. Trappers and placer-miners and a few gals—nor over respectable neither. There's a trading store up the main street. Gosh, and they trade you well—and then some. The one-eyed galoot who runs that show would take the gold stopping out of your false teeth if he'd a chance. But I'm wise to him."

The younger man laughed. All day he had been in a fit of the doldrums. The setting in of winter, after the short but brilliant northern summer, bred a kind of melancholia to which he was not used.

The town beneath the hill frightened him. He had grown to hate towns, however small and remote. Six months ago he had fled from a town—a great city—in fear of the law, and since then life had been one continual trekking from place to place in search of forgetfulness.

He had met Abe mixed up in a fearful quarrel with five drunken men who were trying their best to beat the life out of him. They might actually have succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat but for the "Kid."

He had thrown in his lot with Abe out of purely sporting instinct, and his addi-

tional, and by no means inconsiderable fighting ability turned the scale.

The comradeship had lasted over the intervening months. Abe had been in the nature of a godsend, for the "Kid" was down on his luck and Abe knew all the ropes in this northern clime, and was at that moment breaking trail for the wilderness. He invited the "Kid" to come in on a fifty-fifty share out and the latter had accepted.

* * *

He soon found out all there was to know about Abe. He was a born wanderer, careless, thriftless, with an unlimited capacity for getting into trouble, and a past which included a long "stretch" in Denver jail for poaching on seal preserves in the Bering Sea.

His knowledge of woodcraft was enormous. He knew the habits and rendezvous of almost every animal in North America. Bears he doted on. Once they wasted a whole week tracking a bear up Kimball mountain, despite the fact that the tracks were nearly ten days old.

Abe could smell them ten miles off and everything else went to the wind then. The "Kid," whose heart was more attached to the gold-washing side of the business, went about in constant dread of bears, knowing from experience the dreadful vicissitudes that would follow the hitting of a bear track, with Abe dreaming about the problematical capture and getting up at unearthly hours to continue the pursuit.

There was something extraordinarily lovable about Abe. He grumbled and cursed like a tinker but had the heart of a child. He possessed the sublime gift of minding his own business which, in the circumstances, proved a most admirable trait, for the "Kid" had a skeleton in the cupboard which occasionally peeped out.

It was peeping out now as the twinkling lights of the township grew nearer. Abe knew the meaning of the tense expression, and the firm set of the mouth. He had seen that happen before, and always in the locality of a camp. This sinuous fine-looking boy "pard" was afraid of camps.

Snow commenced to fall heavily as they entered Stickine. The boy hurried along, with Abe grunting by the side of him.

"Say, you're going some."

"Yes. I learned to do that at college."

"So you bin to college, eh?"

"Yes."

"Canada?"

"No—America—Yale."

"I've heered o' that place. Knew a guy once who had bin there. Gee—but it took some dollars to put you through there."

"Yes—it was rather expensive."

They entered the door of a rough wooden shanty which traded in everything from skins to horse shoes. The one-eyed proprietor known to Abe greeted the latter lugubriously and the two commenced to argue over current prices.

At length the skins and the gold dust changed hands and the two wanderers emerged into the slushy streets. Abe handed over a bundle of notes to his companion.

"Look after your own, 'Kid,' I got a way

of losing it quick. But it's a hell of a lot for a boy like you."

The other laughed.

"Abe, I once paid more than five times that amount for the excitement of putting a string of pearls round a woman's neck."

Abe stopped and stared at him.

"And did you marry her after that?"

"No—thank God!"

"What did you get for it anyway?"

"Experience."

"Gosh—I ain't buying experience at that figure. Here's the poison shop, bunch in."

They entered the door of the dilapidated saloon-cum-hotel. A pale-faced youth with long, black hair was valiantly attempting to get harmony out of a frightfully antique piano, while a few couples indulged in movements which were more like the antics of bears than dancing.

One or two women smoked or danced as the mood took them, gazing with curious eyes at the big figure of Abe and his striking companion as they pushed their way through the assembly.

Abe was soon in front of a bottle of champagne, which he had purchased at a ridiculous price.

"Fixed up a room all right," he said to the boy. "What a crowd. Beats me where they all come from."

He spotted a vacant table over in a corner and made his way to it, beckoning the boy to follow. The latter seemed fascinated with the scene of wild elemental enjoyment. One of the women touched his arm.

"Hullo boy!"

"Good evening," he said.

"You're looking plum sober."

"Am I? Perhaps I feel it."

"So do I. Come and talk."

A feeling of repugnance swept over him but he choked it down as he realized that he was in no position to censure another. There was something rather pathetic about this woman. She looked as though she hated the life she led.

"Have a drink," he asked.

"Thanks. No, not spirits—coffee. Tonight I want to remember things. It's my birthday and birthdays have a habit of bringing one face to face with facts."

The lank-haired youth at the piano gulped down a tumbler of whiskey and started a wild "rag" melody.

"That your pard over there—the big man?"

"Yes."

"Ah—I've seen him here before. Where you bin—up country?"

"Yes."

"Gold washing?"

"Yes—and trapping."

She gazed at him fixedly for a few seconds.

"Stickine's no place for you, Sonny. I guess you've been brought up different to this."

He frowned.

"All right—you needn't tell me. Everyone has a secret in Stickine. It's a mighty fine resort for wild men—and women. It's hell."

The last two words were jerked out with such emphasis that they left no doubt as to her emotions."

"I got an old mother out there in Georgia. Maybe she'll remember me to-night. That's why I wanted to talk to someone who—understood."

"You think I might understand?"

She nodded.

"I'm not a bad judge of character. I don't understand women—not even myself—but I understand men. Out here men are much alike. There are only two kinds—the fools and the parasites."

He laughed.

"Put me in my right category then."

"I can't—you're different. You wouldn't be fool or knave enough to try to buy me with a few dollars—if you did I wouldn't let you. Look here kid, don't stay in Stickine—beat it quick and save yourself from this."

"Why don't you beat it yourself?"

"I'm going to—but it's a long way down to Georgia, and there isn't much chance of saving in Stickine. I get paid in kind chiefly, lodgings, clothes and drinks—when I want them. Gee—but I'm trying hard—see here."

* * *

She dived one hand down into her stocking and produced a bundle of notes.

"There's a hundred," she said. "Another hundred and I'll be hitting the trail back to God's own country—"

The proprietor from behind the long counter turned his black eyes on them. Swiftly she hid the roll of notes.

"If he saw those—" she said with a shiver.

The boy shot back a lightning glance at the squat-faced man behind the counter. The woman laughed as she saw it.

"Don't get fresh with him," she whispered. "He's not so bad as he looks, but he doesn't understand, that's all."

He turned to her.

"You want to go back—you mean it?"

"Don't I just."

"Would you go tomorrow if you had the other hundred?"

"What are you getting at?"

"Would you?"

"Kid, you're making me dream things."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and counted out a hundred dollars.

"It's yours."

"No—I don't want gifts—from you."

"It's no gift—it's a loan. You can pay me back with 5% interest when you are able—but it's for the purpose of joining your mother."

"It's the only purpose I have left in life. But you don't mean it?"

"I do. Here, I'll give you my address. Write it down—Maurice Hadley—Fifth Avenue, New York. . . ."

"Maurice Hadley . . . !"

She looked at him as he suddenly turned pale.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I—never mind the name—forget it."

He took the card and tore it up. She put her hand on his arm.

"All right—I'll forget it till the time comes. God—I'd rather die than breathe it if you want it kept quiet. Poor Kid—reckon you've struck a bad patch. But whatever it is—it can't be bad. . . ."

The vicious-faced proprietor leaned over the counter.

"Sal!" he hissed.

"All right," she replied. She turned to Maurice. "I'm not earning my keep," she said. "You're not buying enough. I must go. But I'm through with all this—believe me. Tomorrow—"

She gave him a look of intense gratitude and pushed through the crowd towards a burly ruffian to whom the eyes of the astute proprietor were inclined.

In the meantime our friend Abe had finished his champagne and, in an exceedingly merry mood, was seeking trouble. He might have found it but for a totally unexpected incident. He walked through to the Faro table.

"What's the limit?" he bawled. "This is where I bunch in. Forty on the lady."

The players viewed him with disfavor, since they had a raw bird there with piles of money, ready for plucking.

"Nothing doing," growled a man. "Beat it."

"What the hell—this yere's a public table. Ain't my dollars good enough?"

He sat down on the end of the table and flung down his money on the queen. Immediately it was picked up and flung back at him.

Abe began to see red. He felt little electric shocks running through his immense frame and persuaded himself that here was legitimate cause for a rough and tumble. Maurice, knowing Abe of old, ran forward.

"Abe, old man—come out of this."

"Now look 'ere, 'Kid.' I'm going to take a hand in the game or yank the hul lot of 'em into the street."

Maurice caught sight of a six-shooter lying in the lap of one of the players. He saw the latter's hand move towards it.

"Abe, you ass—" he whispered.

Trouble was brewing—the air was thick with it. But just at that moment the unexpected happened. The piano started playing, under hands that were skilled, and a girl's beautiful voice broke into a plaintive melody.

All eyes were turned in the direction of the exquisite music.

CHAPTER IX

ELOISE

THE singer was a girl of about twenty years of age. She stood on the edge of the raised platform, her large, soft eyes shining in the lamp-light, and her rounded neck melting into the delicate contour of her shoulders.

"'Tis but a love song all constantly changing from joy to sadness
Constantly changing turn by turn—"

The clear notes leapt from her throat into the murky atmosphere of the saloon, silencing the coarse jests and immoderate laughter. Men ceased to quarrel; even the card party sat silent and amazed. The old man at the piano, curiously bent over the key-board, awayed a little as the awful instrument performed miracles under his touch.

None was more astonished than Maurice. He had heard the song before in the New York Opera house and recognized it as an air from "Contes D'Hoffman," but it had not affected him then as now. It seemed that into the debauched atmosphere of the place had descended some ethereal being, with the voice of a nightingale and the fragrance of a rose. The eyes were full of latent sorrow, and though she sang bravely as one who was used to performing in public, there was a trace of nervous terror about her. Her breast heaved from other causes than her vocal efforts, and occasionally she shot a glance at a curious crowd of men gathered about the piano.

Abe, petrified in the very act of clearing the card room, wagged his head and cocked his ears.

"Wal, if that ain't pretty," he muttered. "It's as good as a theayter."

A purple-faced miner near Maurice, inflamed with whiskey, drank in the girl's beauty with sensuous eyes. He strained forward.

"She sure looks good to me," he hiccupped.

Maurice felt his gorge rising at the remark. The bestial light in the man's face sickened him. That anyone could make such a remark with that beautiful voice reverberating through the room astonished him.

The song ended amid loud cries of applause. The old man rose from the piano and took the girl's arm. She shook her head at the stentorian demand for "more" and Maurice thought he saw a moisture in her eyes.

She was about to leave the platform when an olive-faced man with a short, square head came from the crowd nearby. He said something quickly and the girl flinched. The old man's hand shook, but he said nothing. He seemed to be dreadfully ill, and shaky on his legs. The square-headed man got his way and the pair ascended the platform again.

The old man took the seat at the piano and started the accompaniment to "Loch Loman." The wonderful voice, poignant with emotion, filled the room.

At the end of the song the girl looked at the square-headed man as though seeking permission to leave the platform. He nodded surlily and she took the old man and led him down.

"Gee, but she looks good!"

It was the drunken desperado speaking again half to himself. A few of his near neighbors guffawed at his enraptured attitude. It merely had the effect of stimulating his passions.

"I seen her first," he argued.

"Bully for you, Joe, so you did."

"I guess I'll jest get introjuiced."

He stumbled across the room and halted in front of the girl. She shrank before his passion-ridden eyes.

"Father!" she gasped to the old man.

Joe tried to be funny, and succeeded.

"So that's *our* father, eh? Wal—he'll do at a pinch."

The old man pulled himself together and made to walk past the insulting intruder. Joe caught him by the arm and

pushed him back. The old man staggered and the girl's soft eyes changed with the speed of lightning.

"How dare you—you skunk."

"Eh—what's that?"

"She's making love to you, Joe," mocked one of his companions.

"See here, words don't cut no ice with me. It's a kiss I want—do you get me?"

He poked his head forward and reeled back as her hand came with full force against his cheek. A second's absolute amazement and Joe went crazy. He rushed in, caught the girl round the neck and pushed his bearded face against hers. The old man, powerless to intervene, looked imploringly at the square-headed man.

"Corri," he cried.

But Corri coolly smoked his cigar, knowing better than to interfere with such an evil-looking crowd as Joe's. . . . The girl's wrists were firmly gripped in one of Joe's hands and his face was hovering over hers, expectant, gloating, when something like a thunderbolt hit him and he found himself on the floor with the infuriated figure of Maurice standing over him.

He sprang to his feet with murder in his eyes, and a bowie knife gripped in his right hand, and hurled himself forward. He never got within three feet. A roughly shod boot, timed with beautiful accuracy, caught him directly under the solar plexus and he went down to stay there.

This was too much for Joe's friends. One of them suddenly pinioned Maurice's arms from behind, and two others sprang to annihilate him. But the excitement had chased the effect of the champagne from the rather slow brain of Abe, and he realized that the much desired was happening.

He gave a huge grunt and sprang straight at the three assailants. He scattered the lot of them, Maurice too, and held the centre of the floor.

"Git busy 'Kid'; if you see a man with a gun, slug him. There ain't no guns wanted in this circus."

But men with guns are not easily slugged, and the next thing that Maurice knew was a loud report and a burning sensation in his left shoulder. He dimly saw the gun-man round the end of the counter and tried to rush him, but tottered in a strange way.

It was then that Abe went clean mad. He felled the gunman with a chair, flung with one hand like a stone, and relieved him of two revolvers. He went rushing among the chairs and tables kicking and manhandling to his heart's content. Discrimination was impossible in the circumstances. He "downed" every man he fell against, and licked his mouth for more. The old man and the girl he put into a corner.

"Don't you worry none," he cried. "Watch my smoke."

And they did. They saw this human hippopotamus performing feats that would have shamed Hercules. Joe's men had no stomach for a real fight. They firmly believed they were dealing with a raving lunatic and were scared to death.

Maurice, feeling terribly sick, was leaning up against a barrel trying to staunch the flow of blood from his shoulder. He

saw the last man bolt through the door. The proprietor and the woman crouched on the stairs and surveyed Abe in awe.

"That seems to be the whole boiling," mused Abe. "Now we'll have a drink."

Maurice tottered across to him.

"You've gone a bit too far, Abe. We'll not be safe in Stickine after this."

"It's refreshed me no end," said Abe. "Nothing like a little physical exercise to liven things up. . . ." He stared at Maurice's shoulder. "Gosh—did he hit you?"

"He did," said Maurice.

"Wal now—I reckoned you was a bit slow in the uptake—so that was it?"

"It was—and it's hurting like fury. See if you can get it out."

Abe prodded about with a knife-blade and finally extracted the ball, after which he bound up the wound with a handkerchief. Sullivan—the proprietor—came in to the bar.

"Damn you, Abe—you'll ruin my show," he shouted.

"Not me—but where have they all gone?"

"Up the street into Mile's place, I suppose," grumbled Sullivan, furious with his loss of business. "But they'll come back and when they do—my gawd you'll know it."

Abe laughed boisterously.

The old man and the girl came forward rather timidly. The former thanked Abe in a quavering voice and the latter turned to Maurice.

"It was all my fault," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"You needn't be sorry—they only got what they deserved."

But you are wounded?"

"Oh—it's nothing much. It'll be better in a few days. Is that your—your father?"

"No—my grandfather." She glanced wistfully at the old man.

"And the others—the man you called Corri, and his friends?"

A look of fear came into her face. She looked round cautiously to see that none of them was present.

"They are part of the company."

"Company?"

"An Operatic Company. Corri ran it. We played 'Faust,' 'Il Trovatore' and 'Contes D'Hoffman.' First of all in the States and later in Canada."

"But you didn't play out here. What are you doing out here?"

The look of fear came again. Her lips quivered.

"Corri killed a man in Montreal and we ran for it. Some of the company stayed there, but we came with Corri and the others. He's making for American territory. Tomorrow we leave here."

It puzzled Maurice. There was evidently something more behind this. Why should this beautiful girl and her fine old grandfather elect to join such a villainous looking crew as Corri's? He remembered the girl's look of fear when Corri was present, and her meek obedience.

"What makes you afraid of Corri?" he asked, slowly.

She started.

"I—I—" and then was silent.

It was evident she was in trouble and one of the causes of this was the old man's obviously failing health. Even now he looked like a spectre as he silently surveyed his grand-daughter through his hollow eyes.

"Eloise!" he said weakly.

The girl ran to him.

"I shall retire now, dear. I am not well—not well. Don't be long dear—don't be long. No—I can manage—thank you."

He climbed the stairs to his room and Eloise turned to Maurice with swimming eyes.

"It's killing him," she said huskily.

"They had no mercy on us—they drove us across the country like cattle. Even now the police are out. And tomorrow. . . . He will never survive this terrible cold."

Maurice set his jaw.

"Then why go?"

"I wouldn't go if I could help it. But he's so stubborn. He will never give in until he has obtained what he seeks."

* * *

Maurice opened his eyes. She put her slim hand on his arm, conscious of his astonishment.

"I can trust you—I feel sure I can trust you. Corri is our relentless enemy. We joined his vile company only because it enabled us to come north. Many years ago my father came out here to prospect for gold, leaving me in charge of my grandfather. I grew up hardly remembering my father. No sign came from him and we gave him up as lost."

"Five years ago, to our amazement, there came a letter from him telling us that he had staked an extremely rich claim and was starting to work it at once. It was wonderful news to me and to my grandfather. It meant that our life of poverty would soon be changed."

"We waited and wrote, but no reply came for a long time. Then we heard terrible news—my father was stricken with consumption and had been lying in a sanatorium in Winnipeg ever since he had written his first letter. The claim he had staked had never been worked. He had been taken ill immediately after and had wintered in Winnipeg, hoping to get well by the time the snow melted."

"Time passed and he got no better. My grandfather's small savings were exhausted and our plight grew worse. To keep the wolf from the door I took up singing, under my grandfather's tutorship—he was once a great musician—and sang at concerts with a certain amount of success."

"One evening, in a New York hotel, Corri heard me and begged me to join his company which was shortly starting on a tour through the states and into Canada. I took a violent dislike to him at first sight, but I heard he was to play in Winnipeg and the desire to see my poor father overcame my repugnance. I consented, provided my grandfather could come as pianist."

"We made a big hit in the states and after a few weeks left for Canada."

She stopped as the bitter memory of the past rose up in her mind.

"Go on," said Maurice.

"I arrived at Winnipeg just in time to see my father die. He handed my grandfather the deeds relative to his staked claim, which he had never been able to work. We had been able to save a little money by this time and decided to escape from the life we hated. We told Corri our intentions. He was furious and swore to go to law to enforce our carrying out the contract. In the end we agreed to stay for another three weeks to enable him to replace us."

"One evening, before the three weeks were up, we made a startling discovery. The deeds of the mine had been stolen from us. So we stayed on until Corri got into trouble and the company broke up."

"And the stolen deeds?"

Her eyes flashed.

"Corri has them."

"What?"

"We saw them once."

"You saw them?"

"Yes—in the heel of his jackboot. But we couldn't get them. He came in and found us searching."

"And does he know?"

"He must have guessed what we were after—but he doesn't know we saw the hiding place."

"You think he knows there is gold in that claim?"

"Yes. He is cunning enough to realize that we shouldn't have left him if we hadn't been certain of it."

Abe, who had been listening intently, grinned amusedly.

"Wal, I guess it won't take us long to have a look inside that boot."

"He sleeps in them—now," said Eloise.

"Maybe he'll enjoy a nice long sleep in them if he raises any violent objections."

"Is he sleeping here?" queried Maurice.

"No—there wasn't room. There's a little hotel up the street."

"We'll go right along now," said Abe stretching himself.

"Not now—please. It would spoil everything. Tomorrow we shall start for the coast. He intends to get to Italy and lie low for a time to throw off the police. Then he'll return and work the claim. If there's a row here there will be no justice for you. That man, Joe, and his friends will throw in their lot with Corri—he'll buy them. He has plenty of money."

"Yep—that's logic I guess," drawled Abe. "Now don't you worry. Corri's as good as dead meat if he starts making a fuss."

Eloise's eyes opened wide with horror.

"You're not going to kill—"

"Don't mind Abe," explained Maurice. He's fond of similes—"

"Eh, what's that?"

"Hot air."

"Oh yep—there'll be some hot air before I'm through with old Macaroni. But I'm not out robbing the police of their little bit of fun."

Eloise looked at Maurice with eyes of gratitude.

"Words are so inadequate," she mur-

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[To be continued in the April issue of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE]

In Old Segovia and Burgos

Among the ancient "Castles in Spain"—Romances dating back to days before the Christian era and occupation of Iberia, the province in which were born three emperors of imperial Rome

"A PANORAMIC view of Spain from the window of a railroad train might suffice to 'do' Espana, as some very distinguished English authors and European celebrities 'do-doo' the States as the lecture bureau 'lions' gather impressions for a 'book on America.'" This was Buddy's comment after a jiggling ride, trying to make notes and sketches on the moving train, and he continued:

"A tour with rousing receptions is planned betimes to 'cash in' on box office receipts, speedily playing on the cupidity and curiosity of Americans to see real, living princes, queens, aces, some royal flushes crowned with the halo of nobility, and explorers past and present. The European tourist in America oftentimes seeks to lay up treasures of gold en route, while the American tourist in Europe rids himself of the 'root of all evil' at the rate of a round billion every year, according to the estimate made by the Department of Commerce. Am I right?"

No one disputed the challenge, and he took a nap, still dreaming of castles.



As we bowled along over the boundless plains of the plateau land of Spain on the "Sud Express" pitching, rolling and shivering its way from Irun toward Madrid, we passed through the majestically beautiful Pyrenees. On the wide expanse of the barren ground of the Sierra de Guadarrama, aside from occasional puny patches of maize mingled with scarlet poppies, there seemed to be nothing within the wide horizon of blue sky but rock and sand.

Quite without warning, other than the shrieking whistle of the locomotive, there appeared almost precipitously before us the mountain of rock on which stands historic Segovia.

"A castle in Spain" Buddy exclaimed as he pointed toward the Alcazar, silhouetted against the twilight sky in the imperial "splendor that falls" on castle walls, towers, and gates, a chaos of mellowed stone facing the waste of Castile. Segovia, the

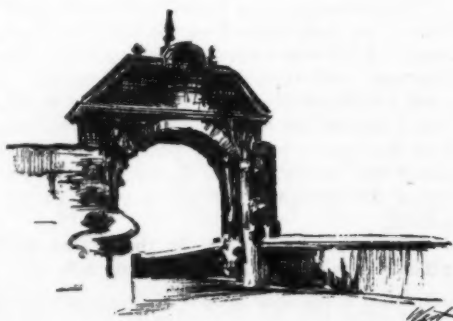
ancient, has been lying in medieval sleep since the Sixteenth Century. We did not go far from the station to find evidences of the times when the Romans lived in



Segovia. The aqueduct loomed up, and Buddy discovered a legend oftentimes related concerning this Roman remnant of engineering skill. The Devil fell in love with a beautiful Segovian girl, who promised to marry him after an ardent Spanish style courtship, if in one night he would build an aqueduct to bring the cold and sparkling waters of Fuenfria in the Sierra de Guadarrama to the city. She insisted that the arches must be of solid stone. The Devil accepted the challenge and in one night the famous aqueduct of Segovia appeared. Upon inspection, the maid, aided by her young lover, discovered a crack on one arch and she was thus saved from her pledge to marry the Devil.

"The lover won, and they lived happily ever after," murmured Buddy, "all because of that crack of deviltry, but how is it that they have used that aqueduct all these centuries without giving the poor devil some credit."

There was no answer from the guide,



who was hustling us on to that ancient Alcazar built in the early days by three successive Spanish kings.

Alfonso, the Wise, admired this historic spot so intensely that he remained here much of the time and chose to announce here that had the Creator only consulted Alfonso the Wise, this universe might have been quite a bit better! Thereupon the heavens opened in a terrific storm, indicative of the wrath of Jehovah, which suggested that the Creator might have been "listening in." Seventy years ago, the interior of this palace-fortress was completely destroyed by a fire, and all its magnificent treasures of master artists and craftsmen were lost. The visitor now looks upon only the shell of the far-famed ancient Alcazar of Segovia, which, however, affords one an impressive and picturesque glimpse of ancient days.

The most modern thing in Segovia is its Cathedral, built A. D. 1558. The work was begun near the close of Segovia's greatest glory, when its dreaming days were at hand. There was poverty in the land. The same process usually follows in the fashionable residence section when the boarding houses crowd in to accommodate



for a modest per diem the genteel folks who have seen better days. The devoted Segovians persuaded Juan Gil, the architect, who had just finished the Cathedral at Salamanca, to build one for them, something in the spirit of growing American towns, which feel they must have a cosmopolitan hotel at all hazards to keep up the pace and reflect the gaieties of "lil ol' New York."

Stone by stone, the people—cheerful volunteer workers—carried the material to the site while the church kept rising like a monument to a glorious past. Spurred on, and inspired by their devotion, Juan Gil fashioned his masterpiece, a Cathedral which is the very essence of the Spanish character—a triumphal combination of impressiveness, simplicity, delicacy, refinement, and subtle lines. Although the church was opened in 1558, it was not dedicated until two hundred years afterward. Such were the long days in the life history of Segovian people!

There is a touch of the old Roman spirit

remaining, for Segovia's story is a tale of real Roman history. Located on the borderland between Moors and Christians, for many years its men had to fight to live. That was the chief occupation and there was little opportunity for the cultural life to flower.



When the struggle between Moors and Christians was over, these hardy men became cattle breeders. And today they retain the charm, the customs, and the costumes of medieval peasantry that gives color and distinction to the glory of Segovia.

* * *

With memories of the religious life of the royal palace freshly in mind, we sought another reposing place for treasures, the Cathedral of the City of Burgos, the birthplace of the immortal Cid—itsself one of the proudest possessions of Spain.

When we arrived at Burgos, we lurched into an old-fashioned carriage and were tightly fastened in by canvas sheets so that no air could penetrate. The glimpses through the curtains showed us that what few poplar trees remained were white with dust almost to the top. And the violent jouncing we got would indicate that this was, indeed, a very old town.

Buddy, bracing his feet against the luggage and holding on to the sides of the carriage, remarked: "The best thing about this town is the train out. I like civilization—and girls."

We managed to get him into the hotel by telling him it was right opposite the barracks. There would certainly be life and color close by. Then he discovered



that in the enormous room the wardrobe had no hooks at all.

"May we hang our things on the floor? That's real liberty—at home."

In vain did we try to prove that the charm of this city was its age and historical greatness.

"Yes. The kind we have in the bathtub." And he pointed to a part of the room, hidden by a screen. "Here is a bath-

tub three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, with hot and cold running water in prospect."

"But nothing marches," chattered on the cheerful traveler. "Turn on the hot water. It won't march. Turn on the cold water. It doesn't consider marching. And the barracks only across the way."

Eventually, these details were well taken care of, and we braved another carriage to reach the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores.

On the way, one drives through a street so wide that it is divided into narrower strips by eight rows of poplars. Beyond this one passes through a stone arch into what was once the hunting park of Juan II, who gave the land to the monastery. An ascent begins here, and through the dust-whitened trees one catches glimpses of great Spanish plains and distances provocative to the imagination. At the top of



the leisurely ascent stands the peaceful monastery, looking across the valley of Arlanzon.

To the western mind, there is great quiet here; beautiful simplicity. Through an arch in the thick wall one goes into a garden, and, beyond, through an ancient stone door, into the chapel. This is small, unpretentious, and smells fragrant of old wood. This particular old wood is noted for the delicacy of its carving.

Here one finds also the alabaster monument of the father and mother of Isabella. The figures rest easily in their magnificent robes on the tomb. The sides are covered with details of sacred history wrought in masterly design and craftsmanship.

The soldiers of Napoleon, recognizing the fabulous value of this alabaster monument, wished to carry it to France, but it was impossible to move this treasure.

Concerning Burgos Cathedral, many books have been written. The first view of its spires; with their lacelike design and workmanship, made our hearts beat quickly and push their upward way into our throats. Later, when we actually stood before this massive stone achievement, we forgot ourselves completely. Inside, at the end of a dark aisle, like a brilliant opal, was a lighted chapel, dazzling with gold and jeweled colors like a treasure cave.

While we were under the spell of this, somebody startled us by touching our arm

and telling us to look up at one corner of the roof. Here was the ugly head and shoulders of a man, carved possibly out of wood, and colored. The hour was about to strike. When the clock reached eleven,



this figure opened its hideous mouth and uttered weird confirmation of the strokes while its hand pulled a bell.

In one room, used for council gatherings, high up on the wall and resting on iron supports, was the chest of the Cid. The wood had rotted away and the iron rusted. But it keeps together somehow and reminds the tourist of the oft-repeated tale of the Cid's adventures.

In this cathedral also is the private chapel through which one passes by a tiny door into a room that is extremely small and perfectly plain. The walls are irregularly cut and in one of them is a window. Opposite this a slide in the wall pushes back—and one gazes into the face of Leonardo da Vinci's "Magdalen." Valued at half a million dollars, this is only one of the many gifts of this particular family, and only one of the ornaments of their chapel.

Las Huelgas is another church of Burgos that has a romantic history. It was founded by Alfonso VIII of Castile and his queen, Leonore, in 1180. This was the time when the Cistercians were the fashionable order. So this nunnery was founded to admit noble ladies. Its chapels have seen royal marriages, coronations, and funerals, and its abbesses ruled over great domains. The noble nuns and their



lady abbess still remain, but the splendor has departed. In this church is to be seen the banner taken from the Moors when they were conquered in Castile.

In Burgos we located the house where Raphael used to visit, and gazed in awe at the bed he often occupied. And it was here, too, we met a very old woman in the plaza carrying a heavy load of automobile tires cut up in about twelve-inch lengths.

"What's the idea?" inquired Buddy.

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Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

EXTENDED use of the radio has only seemed to accentuate the popularity of the songs of Irving Berlin. Even since his marriage he continues to write love songs that are now hummed by grandmother and mother as well as the young daughter who used to sing them over and over again on the night she had "company." One of his latest songs suggests the continuity of Irving Berlin's genius. It is entitled "The Song That Never Ended" and it would seem from listening-in on the pro-



Irving Berlin

grams of the irrepressible radio, that all of Irving Berlin's songs have never ended. I have heard them in all parts of the world, in the deserts bare, in the depths of primeval forest, on mountain heights, in fact, a Berlin song reappears in almost every place where there is a human being who can sing or hear a song, especially if there is a radio, a phonograph, or a piano on the premises. Some one has said the Berlin songs are almost as universal as the very air we breathe—they are not only sung, but are danced until the last encore in the refrain of "Three O'clock in the Morning."

With the witchery of a tropic moon overhead, Irving Berlin was on his roof garden on 46th Street, New York, at his toy piano. The refrain of "What'll I Do," with its plaintive half-tone chromatic rhythm came as if from the strings of a harp. He composes on this little piano which has a soft pedal so that no one is disturbed. His eyes were shiny and lustrous that night—for a new melody had arrived. He carries a melody for months, even years, testing it and retesting it before it is put on the score.

I first met Irving Berlin in a restaurant dining with friends. After the soup course, he went to the piano, and the moment he touched the keys there was something that indicated why Irving Berlin is a master of popular melody. The staccato syncopation had even a lilt when he turned his black eyes to us in a dreamy way and continued what he called the dove-like love refrain.

During the World War he was in the Army, and rendered real service as a real "doughboy." When he wrote the song "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," it had the rollicking ring of the camp and expressed a sentiment that met a universal response among his comrades. His first great success was "Alexander's Ragtime Band." As a beginner he realized that it was quite as important to market a song as it was to compose it, and became a musical publisher in his own right as president of Irving Berlin, Inc., landmarked with a blazing electric sign on Broadway.

While born in Russia and coming to the United States at the age of five years, Irving Berlin attended public school in New York, and in two years was made into a real American to the core. He was reared in the same section of the Bowery as his partner, Sam Harris. They hovered around the old Thalia Theatre—dreaming and singing.

Now a member of the Lambs, Friars, Elks, Masons and a Shriner, Irving Berlin often visits the old dilapidated theatre—the scenes of his youth—when the Vanderbilts and the "400" used to attend the Thalia Theatre and catch the spirit of the Bowery close at hand.

One of his early songs was christened "I Want to Go Back to Michigan." The humor of it all is, that he had never been to Michigan, and how could he "go back?" He seems to understand that the people in Michigan want the same thing in a song as the people in California or blasé New York.

"If a melody keeps on singing itself back to me I feel it will do the same to others. The world loves music as naturally as it loves Nature. Music sort of brings us all together as nothing else will do. There is something subtle and elusive in what is called popular music—I never can tell just what is going to make a 'hit.' Modern music expresses itself more freely in the vernacular of the times. The accent is almost as important as the notes. Radical changes are apparent in the style of songs, but the plaintive glide and love phrase remains about the same."

Irving Berlin adopted his own name—Washington Irving was his Rip Van Winkle

hero. During the war he regretted that he had chosen "Berlin" for Baline, for there was a time you could not mention the name Berlin among the soldiers without thinking of the enemy, and war.

"Summertime is the best season for creative work. Your pores are open and your brain is in a receptive and creative mood. Nature in her warmest moods helps us all along in the growing season."

Just then he struck a chord. It was a major. "It recalls army days—and what I wanted to do to some of those officers," he said, waving a smiling "so long!"

* * *

IN season and out of season and during all of the four seasons of the year and every year at that, Jay N. Darling, known as "Ding, the cartoonist," continues his work. Interest accumulates in the facile genius of the cartoonist as a presidential campaign approaches.

There is no ding-dong monotony about this man. Donning his horn-rimmed spectacles, veins extending over broad expanse of brow, pipe in his left hand, pencil in his



Jay N. Darling

right, before him a broad area of white paper on a drawing board, you have a picture of "Ding" in action! In a little while, bing! out comes the cartoon that hits the target nearly every time with millions of newspaper readers. The cartoons labelled "Ding" are distinctive, and Mr. Jay N. Darling, the Pulitzer prize cartoonist of 1924, is busy chuckling to himself with his pencil and attacking noses as the most defenseless and vulnerable part of the feature for the cartoonist.

"Ding" lives in Des Moines, Iowa, out where "the tall corn grows," and signs checks as placidly as he signs a cartoon, which of itself represents checks of generous proportions. A cartoonist, like everyone else, must be born in order to complete a biography. This event, in the cast of "Ding," occurred in Norwood, Michigan, in the same year that the cracked Liberty Bell rang out in Philadelphia in 1876 to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

"Ding" moved out towards the new prairie land and was educated at Yankton, South Dakota, and attended Beloit College as a finishing school and discovered he could draw pictures and draw on father effectively. Now that he was fully educated, he sought a job on a newspaper and started in as a cartoonist on the *Sioux City Journal*. His fame reached the state capital and he was called to the *Des Moines Register* and is still on the staff. His genius kept on galloping eastward and he was called to do work for the *New York Tribune* and make the Horace Greeley statues smile. Now a syndicate of one hundred and one newspapers in the United States share in "Ding's" daily deliveries.

Even while penning those delicate lines of the picture, he seemed little conscious of the fact that the picture was drawn for a friend in the room. "Ding" is genial and refuses to let his pen libel life in any of its phases.

"It is the only human race we have," he says. "Why not be kind to it and why throw vitriol when just a slight tincture of vinegar sharpens the appetite for humor?"

Like all ambitious young Americans, he has made a trip to Europe, and when he returned fished out an envelope that had fallen into his waste basket with circulars and plumber's bills, and found out it was a notification that he had won the Pulitzer reward—check enclosed.

Although not a native of the state, "Ding" is a loyal Hawkeye, and insists upon living in Iowa, eating corn on the cob and bacon for breakfast, despite the alluring attractions of New York City, where he could carry a cane and wear spats with perfect propriety.

* * *

"I wanted to be a doctor, a cheery, red-faced doctor, with rotund stomach, flowing side whiskers and a tall silk hat, but I pointed a camera at an irate lawyer and was chased down the block." The picture of that I. L. was the subject of the first cartoon he ever drew for the *City Journal* and there began a career of a cartoonist. Laying down his pencil and puffing the old pipe, he adjusted his necktie and proceeded:

"Isn't it great to feel just like a kid? I do not look upon cartooning as an art; it is just being able to see things and put them on paper—but you have got to see the right things. It is surprising what you can do when you stick to it. Draw and keep on drawing—even if there is nothing in the bank. Make six or twelve cartoons a day when your tickle bone is itching. Then you have got to read the newspapers and remember what is going on from day to day in a sequence; that is, at least as continuous as that of the novel you are reading to

find out whether the hero finally wins the heroine."

Soon after he had begun to earn good money as a cartoonist, he severed the ulna nerve in his right elbow, leaving his right arm useless. He began at once to practice drawing with his left arm, day after day and month after month, until he was able to do almost as good work with his left as with his right hand.

It is whispered among his friends that his hobby is fishing, but no one has ever known of his catching a fish, but he keeps



Clarence Dillon

right on fishing in Big Creek, where even bullheads were extinct twenty years ago. Perhaps it is the philosophy of fishing he craves—just sitting and waiting for a bite. Persistent cuss is "Ding"—one of the world's famous cartoonists.

THE whirling maelstrom of "ups and downs" in Wall Street wears on the nerves. The people of the United States are dealing with Wall Street more generally than ever before. The leaders of finance, while less picturesque and pre-eminent in the public eye than in former years, are no less leaders in the matter of financing in billions than their predecessors were in millions. In less than eleven years after his first appearance on Wall Street, Clarence Dillon has become a financial leader, and has become Wall Street's most significant figure.

Born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1872, the son of a well-to-do merchant and banker, Clarence, the only boy, was sent at the age of fifteen to Worcester Academy. On a recent tour to Texas I visited the mesquite districts which were his haunts in early boyhood days, and heard the old ranchers speak of Dillon as a thoroughbred, born and bred in the Lone Star State.

His school record shows that he made himself quite popular with his classmates and became president of his society, an officer of the class, manager of the track team,

class day orator, and captain of the varsity debating team. At Harvard, Dillon buckled down to business. He took his studies seriously—a fact rare in the careers of successful business men and leaders of finance—and "majored" in those studies relating particularly to literature, poetry and art. In 1905 he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In 1907 Dillon married and set sail for Europe, where he became so intensely interested in art and architecture that he spent two years in study. Finally, he realized that there was a practical application of art training even to business, and returned home to become associated with his brother-in-law in the Milwaukee Machine Tool Company, which he built up from humble beginnings.

Upon the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Dillon wound up the affairs of the latter's estate, a proceeding which once more brought him into contact with his former college chum, William A. Phillips, who insisted that Dillon join him in the employ of the firm.

In four years' time Clarence Dillon succeeded so well that his name was added to the list of firm members. Mr. Read told another partner that "it will not be long before that name at the bottom will be at the top."

During the darkest days of the war, Charles G. Dawes wired Dillon from abroad asking him to join him, but Dillon, just recovering from an operation, was not physically fit. The result was that Bernard Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board, captured Dillon as one of his assistants.

After the war the partners wanted to make him head of the firm, to run the business under his own name, but Dillon refused. It was not until he had been repeatedly urged and pleaded with by Mrs. Read and her son that he finally acquiesced, and in January, 1921, saw the name of the firm changed to Dillon, Read & Company, joining his life-long friend, "Bill" Phillips, and William A. Read, Jr., in partnership.

When the widows of the Dodge brothers asked for bids on the business, Clarence Dillon had his figures ready. He had been a pioneer in the new field of investment and had appraised the firm's value. As a result, when the deal was consummated, and Wall Street looked on in hectic admiration, Mr. Dillon was as cool as a cucumber. To all questions he replied with a smile:

"Long ago it looked like a good deal; we studied it from all angles and our people put it through. That's all there is to it."

Modest in the extreme, Mr. Dillon is unique in more ways than one. He dislikes personal publicity and the lime-light, and is the very antithesis of the popular conception of mercenary, money-grabbing Wall Street magnates whose horizon is a never-ending line of green and yellow bills.

Within four years his firm has underwritten \$1,500,000,000 of securities, a figure not approached by any other house in America, and yet, as in the past, Clarence Dillon is first of all concerned with the welfare of his own intensely loyal business associates and remains "humanly human" in his personal life.

NOW that we find the name of Will Rogers within the bulky portals of "Who's Who," we must write about him in a more sedate and dignified manner. There was a time when we could say Bill Rogers, later it was Will Rogers, then it became William Rogers, and now since his advent into ambassadorial fame, it is Mr. Rogers. When he made his trip to Mexico, he also made President Calles smile, and that broke the ice for the well-defined diplomatic plans of Ambassador Dwight Morrow. In Havana, Mr. Rogers, familiarly known as Will Rogers, was admitted to the bar and proved to the other American celebrities present that he had not forgotten how to practise according to Cuban law. He returned by airplane and now commutes from coast to coast at a pace that is reflected in "A Texas Steer," his latest motion picture. The Apostle of Good Humor, Will Rogers continues a favorite among the newspaper readers, for he tells the big ones and the little ones just where to get off in the plain vernacular of a cowboy philosopher.

"Where do you get all your human-interest humor?"

"I dig 'em out of the newspapers every day and keep my eyes and ears open. When I stop reading newspapers my jokes will stop. Come with me and I'll show you the fountain of sparkling and eternal humor."

Under the electric light, at Times Square, New York, on his way home from the "Follies," where he was assisting Mr. Ziegfeld in glorifying the American girl, he stopped before a newsstand over which was emblazoned "Newspapers from other cities." He looked at me with that side glance, you know, chewing his gum hard, and in a whisper that sang out over the roar of the traffic: "Here's where I use the pick and shovel—pick 'em up and shovel 'em out."

He loaded up with newspapers, and loaded me up, and together we went loaded to his home in the Astor.

He unearths the acres of diamonds lying within the folds of yesterday's newspaper. It is all there for "He Who Runs May Read."

At the banquet board he just digs into the programs and plies questions, and when he arises to speak he knows his lesson, whether it be wool men, leather men, pulp men, insurance men, or corset manufacturers—he knows how to pull the strings and get the information. He just chews gum, smiles, pushes back his hair, makes a side bow and pushes the best foot forward and proceeds in chewing cowboy vernacular—saying things no one else would dare to say—all the while making jokes out of paper wads and pelting the bump of American humor as no man since Artemus Ward.

"Have you become a naturalized New Yorker?" I ventured.

"No, siree," he replied. "Los Angeles is home. I'm back to the movies. I like 'em. You know I was in the movies, and so far as I can learn I am about the only fellow who ever came out of 'em with his original wife."

I shall not forget how he straightened up with pride when he said: "My father was a member of the convention that drafted the constitution that made Okla-

homa a State when it ceased to be a territory." The Rogers in Oklahoma seem something like the Cabots and the Lowells in Massachusetts, for he was born in Rogers County, Oklahoma, twelve miles from Claremore, one of the "first" families.

"A vaudeville agent gave me a chance to go on at the old Union Square Theatre in New York. One night my rope refused to work, and having the habit of thinking out loud, it came natural for me to say something while I was having a rather embarrassing time with the unruly lariat, and I shouted, 'Swinging a rope is all right if your neck isn't in it.'"



Will Rogers

The audience greeted his soliloquy with roars of laughter. After the show the manager told him that he would have to get some more of that chatter to go along with the rope.

He now makes much more money than he used to think existed in all of the State of Oklahoma, with his many interests, including his Follies, vaudeville, writing books, writing for the newspapers, making phonograph records, and motion pictures, because Will Rogers makes the world laugh with him.

* * *

THE Vitaphone or Moviephone has expanded the popularity of Al Jolson and his songs beyond the theatre or the phonographic record horizon. To see Al Jolson and hear him in the movies has extended the Jolson thrill to remote cities and towns, while the inimitable Jolson is doing his work on Broadway.

A few minutes before the night performance Al Jolson was chatting with friends on the Broadway curb, telling them of his experiences in motion pictures that day, and he was gathering "stop-press" events for that night.

"I love to get something new and come close to my audience and sing and talk to them as I would at home," said Al Jolson as he left his dressing room for the "flying bridge" in front of the footlight.

Later his rich voice filled the house with "Bombo" arias, but the charm of his personality predominated. Perspiring freely he sang and chatted as if he were glad to see the old friends in front.

Coming off stage and pulling off his wig for a few minutes' breathing spell he continued, "There is nothing like a little song to reach the hearts of people. Audiences enjoy the fun with me, but I cannot reach them altogether until I begin singing."

Little Asa Yoelson, son of a Jewish cantor in Washington, D. C., played truant from the home in which his father sought to restrict his childish education and started out to study real life around the railroad yards and the wharves. A self-made child of the streets, little Asa was endowed with a remarkable voice that his father had cultivated.

When Wilton Lackaye came to the Capitol with "Children of the Ghetto" and needed some street children as supers in the production he found Al Jolson, for Al Jolson and Asa Yoelson are two names for one very interesting man.

After the first plunge Jolson and his brother Harry sang in restaurants and followed street carnivals until the Spanish-American War. Jolson wanted to enlist and they told him he was too young, but he became the singer mascot for a regiment where he entertained the soldiers. The Walter L. Main circus, in which he was a concert performer was his field. He sold papers and sang in the back rooms of saloons in Baltimore. Father Yoelson had detectives searching for him and he was caught in Baltimore and taken home, but he escaped again, and joined a burlesque company. While he was playing in a little Brooklyn theatre on small time a Poli circuit man recognized his talent. He became a black-face comedian and made a hit from the start. A long line of successes followed leading to the installation in his own theatre in "Bombo."

"How do you manage to keep your jokes so fresh night after night?"

"Thinking of my audience all day long, using my eyes and wondering what they would like to have me talk about that night. I mention everything that comes to my mind. Henry Ward Beecher said, 'Always speak that which is uppermost in your mind to your audience,' and I am willing to follow Henry."

This little bundle of nerves can command all the dignity of a Senator in his native Washington. He has sparkling dark eyes and a family of children that dote on their jolly little daddy.

Al Jolson is a whole show in himself. There is a chorus, scenery, and a plot that no one understands, but they count only as background, because after all it is only "an evening with Al Jolson," that the audiences seek.

"What pleases you most in your work?"

"When I feel that the audience is all with me ready to laugh or cry, to shout or do anything that the impulse of the moment inspires—it thrills me. Often after a strenuous two or three hours on the stage I am loathe to say good-night—for people are 'just folks' after all."

The audience lingers after Al Jolson has finished and slowly leave the theatre humming his songs that signal the old society page phrase, "And all present had an enjoyable evening."

Caring for and Curing Children

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On the hospital's waiting list at present there are over 400 children. When the additions now under construction are completed it will be possible to reduce this list more rapidly than heretofore. Other hundreds not yet on the waiting list will be taken care of within the next two or three years.

Dr. Oscar L. Miller, chief surgeon of the hospital, has a national reputation. During his period of preparation for this work he spent many months in the largest and best known orthopaedic hospitals in this country and in Europe. He has been at the head of the institution since it was opened and his magnificent work here has been observed and praised by the other leading orthopaedic surgeons in America, many of whom have personally visited the institution. Dr. Hastings H. Hart, director of the Russell Sage Foundation, visited the hospital soon after it was opened. He said, "The North Carolina Orthopaedic Hospital is the fifth State-owned and State-maintained institution of its kind in the United States. The others are located in New York, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Massachusetts. Not a single one of them started operations with as modern and up-to-date a plant as you have in Gastonia." Dr. Royal S. Copeland, of New York, visited the hospital and said, among other things, "Here the State of North Carolina is doing its greatest work." Orthopaedic surgeons from Boston to San Francisco have made personal visits to the hospital to observe the work and see the equipment here.

This institution is a member of the American Hospital Association and ranks in Class A of that organization.

No charge is made for services rendered any child in the State, regardless of race, color, nationality, or creed. It is a State charitable institution and the children taken for treatment are those who are entirely unable to pay. The age limit is sixteen.

And so Bob Babington's dream has come true. Still active in business, his biggest thought today, as it was eighteen years ago, is of the indigent crippled orphan of sound mind on the State of North Carolina. He has builded for himself a monument that the ravages of time cannot erode. Thousands of happy, healthy, industrious men and women throughout the State will rise up to call him blessed down through all the years to come.

In Old Segovia and Burgos

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"I suppose she sells them to patch tires," I facetiously answered.

"Patch tires with those things! Stick twelve inches of complete rubber tire on another? Besides, have you seen one single automobile in Burgos?"

When we approached the old woman, she informed us we could have two of these bits of tire for five pesetas. Then she revealed how a toe piece had been put on, a heel piece added, with straps attached to go round the ankle.

"Hm! Slippers," remarked Buddy the Brusque, "Well, heaven knows the folks need to wear pneumatic automobile tires walking on cobbles like these!"

"THE WAY"

By JOHN W. PRICE

I

MOTHER'S soft, rich voice, love tones:
"Go, my son, bravely make your way."
Youthful togs were cast aside,
Full of wonder, I sought the road
Before I reached man's estate—
The road was full. On the way
Human flotsam and jetsam
Moving from rising to setting sun,
The motley human tide flowed on.

II

When I entered the road I was young;
The road appeared straight and smooth;
I was fresh and ran with fervor,
My nerves tingled, high glee, new hope
I strongly faced the rising sun.
I ran swiftly in the red morning
My cheeks aglow, I fairly flew
To welcome fate's unfolding scroll.

III

I chose my mate, garlands in her hair,
Her throat and neck were shapely and pink,
Her shoulders were fine, white and round.
We met in the way, ran together;
Happy the new day, and youthful way,
No thought of the morrow, or that night
Followed the day. We traveled fast,
Unheeding the count and flight of time.

IV

Behind the clouds the sun crossed
The meridian; zest from the morning
Air was gone; the sun boiled down.
The road now became rough and stony,
Much worn, our feet showed bruises,
The red stain of blood marked our trail,
Fear and trembling shook our weak bodies,
The way lengthened, now a weary lane.
We heard above the din and dust
The eternal order, "Press on!"

V

Up the hill and down again, the same
Unending narrow lane stretched forth,
Clatter of hoofs, rattle of chains,
Buzz of motors, smell of gases
With grease and noise everywhere,
Grind of wheels, gear shifts and cogs,
With blasts, clangs, and frictions,
The constant jangle of metals,
Our flesh a blister, our souls ablaze.

VI

Wild mania for speed, movement and action,
Some were slow and animal drawn,
Some were trudging, sore-footed and limp,
Disease had struck and crippled these.

Above, the whirl of aeroplane
In the air, sound clashes against sound.
Beneath our feet, the dull thud, "earth to earth"
Falling clods only silence the sound.

VII

We were treading the old beaten path
Well worn ruts. Those who had traveled
This way before;
Whose name was legion,
Whose fate was certain.
Vacuous way, now become insipid,
The tired, the heavy-laden way;
Anxiously peered as we passed
Along, for a place to cast our burden
But, above the roaring sound, in pain
We hear again and again, "Press on."

VIII

With the evening sun, the shadows
Grow apace, amid the clash and clang
And jostle of the unwashed race;
We fret and worry as we march along.
We could not leave the road
Nor get away, from under our load.
Our hearts weaken, faint sickens the soul,
My mate and I grew sad and sore,
How weary the way, when we cannot stay;
The everlasting grind of the daily round.

IX

Coming, going, gone, hither and yon,
Without purpose and without aim,
No chart, nor place, nor destination,
We could not turn back, nor stop, nor rest,
Nor freedom gain from the dust and grime,
The noise and grit of the trodden way.
The curse of eternal movement is on,
We shrieked and groaned, stumbled and fell;
Fear, despair, cowardice and all the black crew,
Came to give our vital forces the test.

X

The sun goes down.
The quiet of twilight is brief.
As we have lived, so must we stand
This last testing time;
We are the sum of all that's gone before.
Old men and old women
In whom the fires have died low,
Scratching the embers of life,
Gazing from earth to sky,
Continue with a near interest, to ask
"Does this mortal put on immortality?"
Suddenly all is stilled, very still.
The damp earth claims its own.

Barron Collier's Vocations and Avocations

Continued from page 297

in his travels over the country on his yachts or en tour abroad, Barron Collier exemplifies the projective and multiplied power of an executive, deciding quickly with a clear-visioned objective in view. Recalling impressions as accurately as the camera plate, he quickly develops these impressions into acts and action.

"Retain the enthusiasm and spirit of Youth with the experience of passing years and achievement is assured. Schools are the first line of defense against automobile accidents. The jay-walker, the speed fiend and the careless driver have been responsible for a greater loss of lives than occurred to the American forces in the casualties of the World War. What can be more inspiring work than to know you are saving lives.

The Road That Leads on to Success

An inspiring comment on the Thoroughfare to Success outlined by the last of the Great Empire Builders whose record in constructive work is unsurpassed by any man now living—Building thousands of miles of new railroads and opening up vast new areas for development

FIFTY per cent of the people think there are only four things in life: bed—and three meals a day. It's a wonder to some employers how their employees get home at night, and the only way I can account for it is, instinct. It cannot be thought. Some men seem afraid of thinking, for fear it will put warts on their brains, or that they will run out of gas. What a lot of room there is at the top—so few up there that it must be lonesome sometimes. There is more need of twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year men than there is of fifteen-dollar-a-week clerks.

Thinking is what makes the man—not common thinking, but the choice kind that you would hand out if there was a prize offered for thoughts.

If for just one week, reader, you will say: "Now, what I want is to advance in life. I want to be a success. I want to climb to the top of business, and right thinking is the only way. I will watch every thought for one week. I will call each by name as it comes down the pike of my mind, and if no good—out it goes. Every thought of industry, of honesty, of kindness, I will welcome. Every thought of idleness, hate or indifference, I will cast aside and thrust out of my mind."

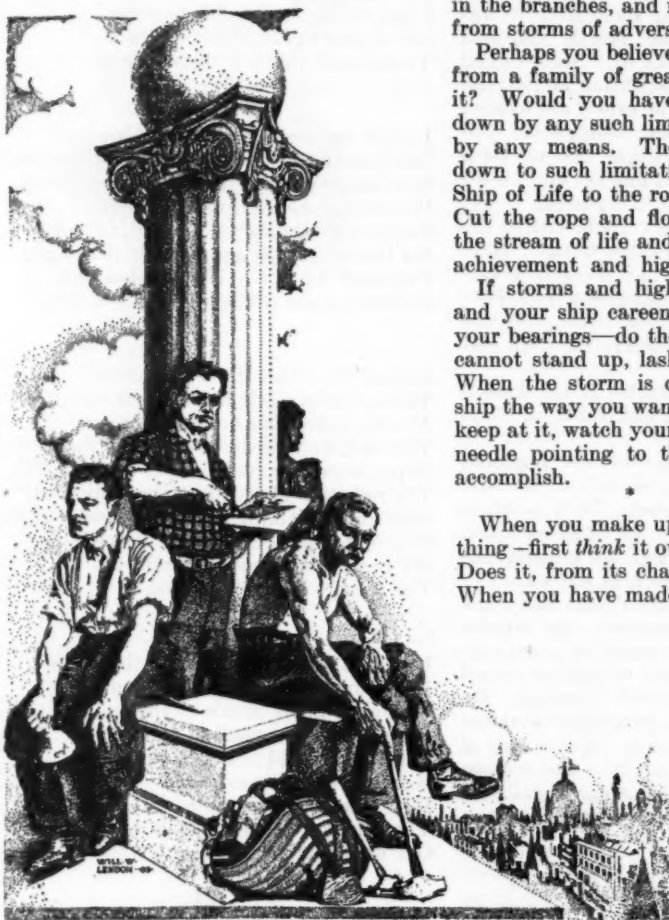
Well, with just that kind of thinking for one week, what would happen? You would have a happy, alert look in the eyes, your work would be done when and as it should be! The chances are your salary would be raised in a week. With fifty-two weeks of this sort of mental gymnastics, a man is on the highroad to success, and nothing but a sandbag can stop him.

The power a person has when he radiates such thoughts is wonderful. The thoughts we think make an atmosphere around us. People feel them just as they feel the presence of trees or a storm. There are people in the world that reflect such hope and sunshine that they make a rainy day pleasant, and there are people that have such mackintosh dispositions that you can see rain on the desert of Sahara.

The humorous, and yet sad, part of all this is that the average man thinks he must remain as he is. Few men understand that they can make themselves just what they want to be. If a man really wishes, he can so rebuild himself that nothing but his name will remain. If gloomy, he can make himself happy; if lazy, he can make himself alert and active. It's all in the thinking. If a man owns a lot with an old three-story building on it, he can tear it down and have just the kind of a building he wants built on it. All he does is go to the architect and say, "Draw me plans for a six-story granite front, terra-cotta trimmings, steel-construction building." After the architect has the order

By ARTHUR E. STILWELL

for that kind of a building, he does not sit down on the street and wait for the material to come by. Not by any means. First he draws the plans, then he orders the kind and amount of material he needs to put up the



building, and as it goes up he keeps his eyes on the plans and specifications and watches the material that goes into the building, to see that it comes up to specifications.

Character-building is just the same. Just draw up a set of specifications for the kind of character you want, order from the Quarry of Thought the kind of thoughts you want, then watch them when they go into your actions and work, and see if they are what you ordered. If not, kick them out. Draw up a set of principles that you would like a man to have if you were building a man. Then

see if the principles you have are the kind you would like your man to have.

Don't embalm your principles. Embalmed principles are no good. Plant them in good soil, irrigate them with good thoughts, and soon you will have a Principle Tree, and your friends will like to come and sit under it, birds of prosperity and happiness will sing in the branches, and it will shelter you often from storms of adversity.

Perhaps you believe that you did not come from a family of great men. Well, what of it? Would you have your ideal man held down by any such limitations of birth? Not by any means. Then why hold yourself down to such limitations? Do not tie your Ship of Life to the roots of your family-tree. Cut the rope and float down the middle of the stream of life and move on to the sea of achievement and high endeavors.

If storms and high seas are encountered and your ship careens and you cannot take your bearings—do the best you can. If you cannot stand up, lash yourself to the mast. When the storm is over you can head the ship the way you want it to go at once. Just keep at it, watch your compass, and keep the needle pointing to the object you wish to accomplish.

When you make up your mind to do anything—first *think* it over. Is it good to do it? Does it, from its character, deserve success? When you have made up your mind, do not ask everyone you meet his idea about it. That's like spinning around, and you will get dizzy if you do and fall down.

Remember that the man who really wishes to do right has in the long run twice the power of the man who wants to stop him. All the good ever found in the world remains after the finder passes on. It's not lost—it's just waiting around for us to use it if we wish. All the wisdom of Shakespeare was here when he came, and he left it when he went. Nearly all life's barriers we have made ourselves, and we can take them down or jump them if we will.

Tell the truth. A liar must keep books and note down the kind of a lie he told and to whom he told it. A truthful man has only to call up his memory of the thing as it is. It saves bookkeeping on conversation. Try and hit a good idea with the same earnest desire that you hit a golf-ball and you will make a good business drive. Look on life

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ARTHUR E. STILWELL'S

Sermonettes

IN 1912 I was forced to resign from the business world owing to an accident.

For nearly fourteen years I fought for life and health and won. During these years of enforced idleness I spent my time searching for a clearer spiritual understanding. I have no creed; I belong to no church, but I respect every man's religion. My understanding of infinite love, of the great creative power that holds the universe in the laws of harmony, grows brighter each day as the years pass on. It is as fresh each morning as the dew on the grass. I am convinced that man has infinite powers little understood. That back of failure stands success; that back of illness stands health; that these are nearer us than hands and feet. That the seeming hell that we

are in can by right thinking and right living be turned into the Kingdom of Heaven; that each man has the power to enter this haven of success, of health, by simply retracing his steps, going the other way and changing his thoughts. Nearly every day for years these little sermonettes that I have written were for my own benefit. They have remade me and helped many friends to whom I have read them.

* * *

Mr. Chapple being one of these friends, has asked me to allow him to publish a few of them each month in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and I have with pleasure consented. I am fully aware that in this busy world it will look strange for any magazine to

attempt to kindle on the altar of thought a spiritual fire. Perhaps only a few readers will be interested but I do hope that numbers will be, and those that are I hope will help Mr. Chapple to build up his subscription list and interest friends in these messages; to bring them to the attention of those in the valley of failure or ill health. If my illness and recovery could be the means of helping others by the philosophy that I have found, it would indeed be a rich reward. I have found the kingdom of peace and tranquility and if I can pass it on to others, I will be indeed amply paid for my years of illness. Happy is the man or woman that finds God through any church or creed or finds Him without any church or creed.

MONEY

MONEY is a medium of exchange. It is considered wealth. Money is deposited in banks, buried in the ground, hoarded by misers and all the hardships of earth endured to gain it, yet it cannot be carried beyond earth's confines. By the liberal use of wealth, seeming friends can be bought, place and power can be bought, but friend, place or power that only come from the use of money vanish when the money goes. Money gained without principles only encourages in the one that gains it excesses. Money gained this way will buy masterpieces of art, but the owner that has gained these masterpieces can only see them, they cannot feel the soul of the artist for they have no soul. Money will buy great homes, palaces, but if gained without principle they are not homes, they are only abodes. The man with a soul has a better home in a four-room house—he feels the home instinct that the grinding brute can never feel or understand.

The real wealth, the real steps to lasting place and power is character. Friends gained by character are friends that appreciate character. The place in the world gained by sterling character, the man of honor does not need money to protect his place for he was chosen for his character—his wealth was not considered but his sterling worth was. Character is the real money—what it buys remains your possession as long as you retain your character. Wars may come that wipe out wealth, but character remains. It is not food for moths or rust. You do not have to deposit it in banks. No watchmen are needed—it is your own possession and no one can take it from you. You alone can give it up. It lasts through all of earth's days and can be and will be carried over to the realms beyond earth. It will bring friends, it will

bring a place on history's page when the money hound has been forgotten.

It will bring to you the very hosts of heaven to help you fight life's battles. Your humble home, if that is your possession, will be a home; the trees will be greener to you, art more understandable, music sweeter, life a joy if you seek character. It will buy what money cannot buy. It is the real, lasting wealth. It opens the door of inspiration—no man can be a great artist, a great poet or musician without character. Those that only walk the treadmill to grind out money, that consider character as of little use, are the prey of other wealth seekers for they know they can rob them of their wealth. The man of character may be tempted, but he alone gives up his character. No one can take it from him. Therefore the real money is character.

Do all in your power to gain it—to build it up and gain place, power and friends that will remain through life's journey and attract the best of earth. Open the eyes of understanding, the mind of feeling and the ears shall hear that which is withheld from others. You shall walk life's paths a conqueror and enter the beyond on the wings of peace for you have fought the good fight and won.

PARADISE ALLEY

IN Sandwich, England, I saw a little street called Paradise Alley and self and wife walked down it. It had rows of neat homes just like little boxes about ten or twelve feet wide, with brass knockers on the doors, dainty window boxes, and clean curtains at the windows. You would think they were the homes of Lilliputians, but they were not, for real men and women came out and entered them and real healthy, happy children romped in the little clean street. All was so clean and

healthy, all so dainty and neat that if it was an alley it was a paradise of one, but in any alley, any small home, can be drawn the plans for a paradise for a successful life and when the plans are formed you can leave the alley and with grit, determination and faith in yourself just start and march on until your dream comes true, even if born in an alley. You can formulate the plans, grow the determination that can conquer the world, and do it all in any old alley or a hut in the wilderness, for it is not what surrounds you, but what is within you that counts, you can leave where you are, but what you are you take with you, and what you are depends alone on yourself. The straighter you are with your dealings with the world is what counts, the rubbish of thinking is only garbage, and like city garbage it must be carted away or it contaminates the atmosphere. Some men are only garbage cans—nothing useful in them, and they wonder why others pass them by. You must be as careful of thought as you are with food, or you will have ptomaine poison of ideas. You need never go to meet failure or laziness, you can just sit down where you are and find both. And if you sit thoughtless long enough, you will spoil even Paradise Alley.

Hold the thoughts of determination; hold the vision of men of ability; read of those that have gone from some alley and climbed the heights of success. Affirm—my path is the path of success—divine inspiration is mine. I am the son of a king (and you really are). If you are in a tight place others have been, and you have no patent on this. If you are unlucky today, there are lots of days untouched. Arise in thought and say: "Tomorrow I shall rejoice." The same Creator made you that made Edison, Ford, Westinghouse, Bell, or any other of

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Tickleweed and Feathers

THE writer recently made a flying trip to Chicago. After completing his business, he went to the station to see about his reservation.

"Let me have sleeping accommodation on the Twentieth Century to New York," he said to the man at the window.

"For a single passenger?"

"No," he replied, "I'm married, but I'm not taking anybody with me. A single shelf will answer."

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent. "You understand, of course, the lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower berth. If you want it lower you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words the higher the lower."

"Then why do they all prefer the lower?" inquired the writer.

"On account of the convenience," the agent replied. "Most persons don't like the upper, although it's lower, on account of its being higher, and because when you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed, and then get down when you get up. I would advise you to take the lower, although it's higher than the upper for the reason I have stated, that the upper is lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher, but if you are willing to go higher it will be lower."

"Too deep for me," replied the writer. "I'll ride in the smoker, where I can sit up when I sit down."

—Henry T. Thomas.

Hubby—"Here is ten dollars, dear! Don't you think I deserve a little applause for giving it to you without being asked for it?"

Wife—"Applause! Why, darling, I think you deserve an encore!"—K. C.

Flub—"What caused that collision today?"

Dub—"Two motorists after the same pedestrian."

"Green says he descended from one of the wealthiest houses in America."

"Yeh! he was painting on the second story and the staging broke."—K. of C. Bulletin.

Jack—"It must be heck to live in Miami. They never have Christmas there."

Jessie—"How come?"

Jack—"Haven't you seen that sign, 'It's always June in Miami?'"

Cause and Effect.—"Why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a very meek man?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

A Good Starting Point.—Mrs. Jenkinson had been to a political meeting, and when she returned home she regaled her husband with her party views.

"We are going to sweep the country, John," she exclaimed.

"Then," remarked her husband, "you had better start with the kitchen, dear!"—*Montreal Daily Star*.

Impetus Samuel

Sam had spirits naught could check,

And today, at breakfast, he

Broke his baby sister's neck,

So he sha'n't have jam for tea!

—Col. D. Streamer.

Misfortunes Never Come Singly

Making toast at the fireside,

Nurse fell in the grate and died;

And, what makes it ten times worse,

All the toast was burned with nurse.

—Col. D. Streamer.

Aunt Eliza

In the drinking-well

(Which the plumber built her),

Aunt Eliza fell,—

We must buy a filter.

—Col. D. Streamer.

Susan

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea;

Grandmamma died in agony.

Susan's papa was greatly vexed,

And he said to Susan, "My dear, what next?"

—Anonymous.

The highly successful advertising convention just held in London brought out the inevitable crop of stories, of which the following amusing tale is one. A persistent advertising canvasser called upon a retail merchant, who declared that no one bothered to read advertisements. At last the canvasser offered him a free advertisement just as a test. "You can say what you like about me. Nobody will read it," said the obdurate man. The canvasser arranged a three-line notice in an obscure column to the effect that the merchant in question wanted to buy a cat. Four hours after publication an urgent message was received at the office of the paper, asking that the notice be withdrawn at once, as 117 cats had arrived in that time. After recovering from his natural annoyance, the merchant saw the moral and joined the select company who have learned what the printed word will do for their enterprises.

Try This on Your Radio

Mrs. Newlywed asked her helpful husband to copy a recipe from the radio that morning. He tuned in but got two stations. He did his best. It went like this:

"Hands on hips, place one cup flour on shoulders, raise knees and press toes, and mix in one cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one spoonful of baking powder. Lower legs and mash two hardboiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift dumbbells into water.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. Dress in flannels, and serve with soup."—*Postal Telegraph*.

Stout Theatrical Person (engaging room)—"Window's a bit small. Wouldn't be much use to me in an emergency!"

Landlady—"There ain't goin' to be any sich emergency! My terms fer actors is weekly in advance!"

Sayings of the week:

Motorcars have been increasing by leaps and bounds, and pedestrians have been surviving by the same means.—*Lord Dewar*.

Collection of Laughs

First Aid.—Complained a member of Parliament to a well-known British peer: "I've got a 'orrible 'eadache. What would you prescribe?"

"A couple of aspirates," was the prompt answer.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Early Bird.—Tramp: "Sorry, lidy. I'm absolutely overwhelmed with trousers. But I was most anxious for an old overcoat before the season starts for puttin' 'em over motor-car radiators!"—*London Humorist*.

Page Beauty Specialist.—Roger, ordinarily quite a peaceable child, came home after a fight with his new neighbor.

"Why, Roger, I'm ashamed of you!" mother said, sternly. "And I'm certainly surprised at that new boy fighting; I thought he had the nicest face!"

"Well, he ain't got it now!"

The Clergyman: "Now, can anyone tell me what are the sins of omission?"

Small Boy: "Yes, sir. They are the sins we ought to have done, and ain't."

Madge: "He's goin' to turn over a new leaf and shake the old bunch."

Marjorie: "Yes, he's wiped all of the names and pictures off his slicker."—*Life*.

William Hodge's New Play a Happy Hit

"Straight Thru the Door" goes straight to the hearts of the legion of ardent admirers of the author-actor, William Hodge—Love, Youth, Mystery, scintillating with Hodgesque humor, rivets audience interest as do few plays presented to the theatre-going public

By FRED CALVIN

THE accusation is often made against an actor that he has ruined the play to make a personal hit. And perhaps this has happened, but for the most part actors work for the good of the whole. It can scarcely be charged against the actor when, by sheer force of art and personality, he so dominates the scene that the play appears to be but a background for his genius.

In some quarters the cry is "the play's the thing," and in others there is the conviction that the actor is the thing, and the play but the canvas on which the player must paint with his art to give color and glow and life to the picture.

This difference of opinion is reconciled if it is realized that there are two kinds of plays—great plays and great vehicles for unique talents. In the category of great plays—great perhaps in a technical, literary and classical sense rather than popular appeal—we have "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Cyrano," to mention a few. Noted actors have interpreted these roles, been praised or blamed, but the part lies ready to be essayed by the next great tragedian who happens along. But that other kind of play, the vehicle for a unique talent, serves, generally, one actor and the other had best beware of it, although the play may be a good play and possess great popular appeal.

Take for instance Disraeli. Here the consummate skill, the incisive and compelling personality of George Arliss fitted the part so exactly that one felt he was not acting the role of the great statesman, but was Disraeli himself. Here a character, in a not noteworthy play, had through the unusual qualities of the actor come to life. It was his part; he made it, and the success of the drama rested squarely on his shoulders. In this case the rule that "the play's the thing" lost its potency. The same could be said for Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," David Warfield in "The Music Master," Wilton Lackaye in "Trilby," William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes" and perhaps others could be added.

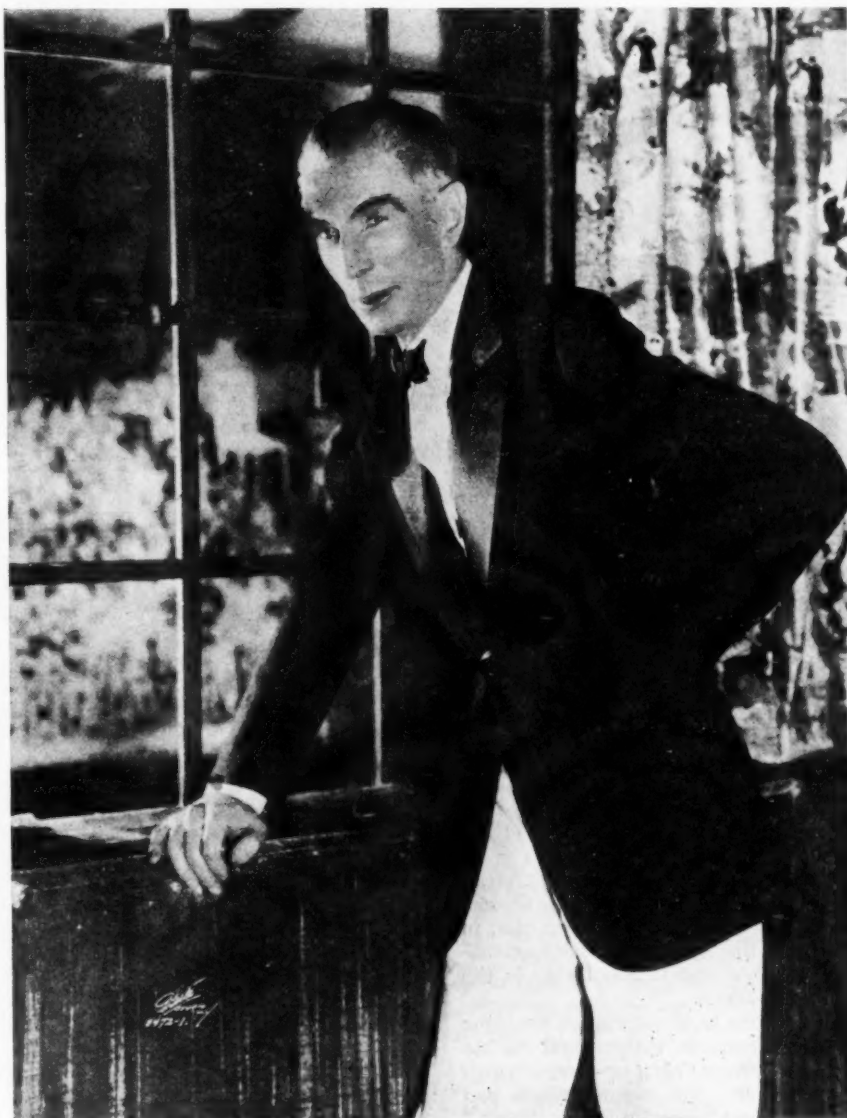
One of the most conspicuous examples of an actor making a play, not through a desire to dominate, but because he brought to it qualities without which it could not live, is that of William Hodge in his former great success, "The Man from Home."

Though this play was produced some years ago, its tremendous popularity and the persistence with which it was remembered, aroused in an astute manager's mind the idea that there was still life in it. So this very season, the Tarkington-Wilson success of yesteryear was revived. They

made a modernized version of it, engaged a popular young actor for the leading role, and set the venture going in Chicago. But

For who else could realize for them that dry, salty humor of the Hoosier from Kokomo, and who else could move with lazy efficiency through the scenes to the unending delight of the audience?

Even in the very hey-day of its tremen-



William Hodge in his new play, "Straight Thru the Door"

in spite of the most careful nursing it failed, and recently was called back to the storehouse.

Evidently the character of Daniel Vorhees Pike, the man from home, was in the public mind William Hodge and no one else.

dous success, the public would accept none other than Hodge as Daniel Vorhees Pike. For when the play was at the height of its long New York run, a road company was put out with another actor in the part and the enterprise quickly collapsed. And if

further confirmation was needed of it being a one-man play, it came when Hodge, after a long season, was advised to take a much needed rest.

most popular stars in the realm of the theatre.

Hodge has really contributed a whole chapter to American stage history and ac-

what constitutes a popular American play. And back of his knowledge of showmanship looms the Hodge personality, genial, shrewd, kind, quite different from that of any other American star. He finds the world a genial and cheery place and his offerings are usually imbued with happiness.

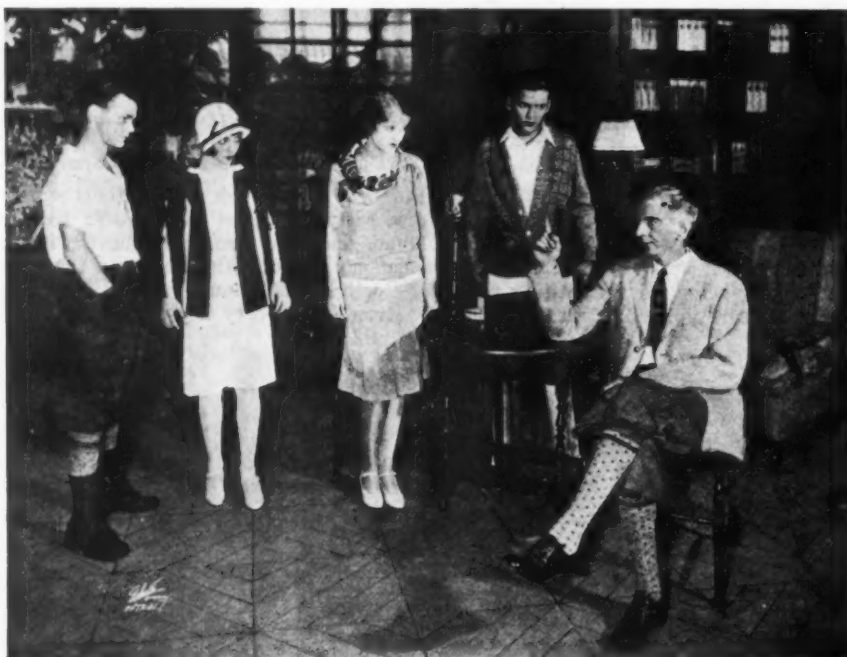
Perhaps the popularity of Hodge is an evidence of a certain romantic idealism among our people. Take all the characters that Hodge has played in fifteen years, make a composite of them, and you will have an idealized product of the American democracy—a man of informal manners, honesty, cheerfulness, simplicity, kindness, slow humor, shrewdness; a fellow with no airs, unpuffed trousers and a passion for setting things right. That is a very admirable figure to the great part of the American people. The qualities of Hodge's stage figures have become merged with the qualities of the actor and the man, and theatregoers find the total result quite heart-warming. Thus our friend Hodge has become somewhat of an American institution.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT BY JOE M. C.

William Hodge's play "Straight Thru the Door" appealed to me in one way more than any I have ever seen on the stage. It contained the element of mystery without the gruesome details of the murder as sensationalized in the newspapers and melodrama. It was a murder in a home and yet the sound reality of the domestic atmosphere was not displaced by harrowing court and jail scenes.

The first act fairly grips with interest



Here is where the happy family gathers

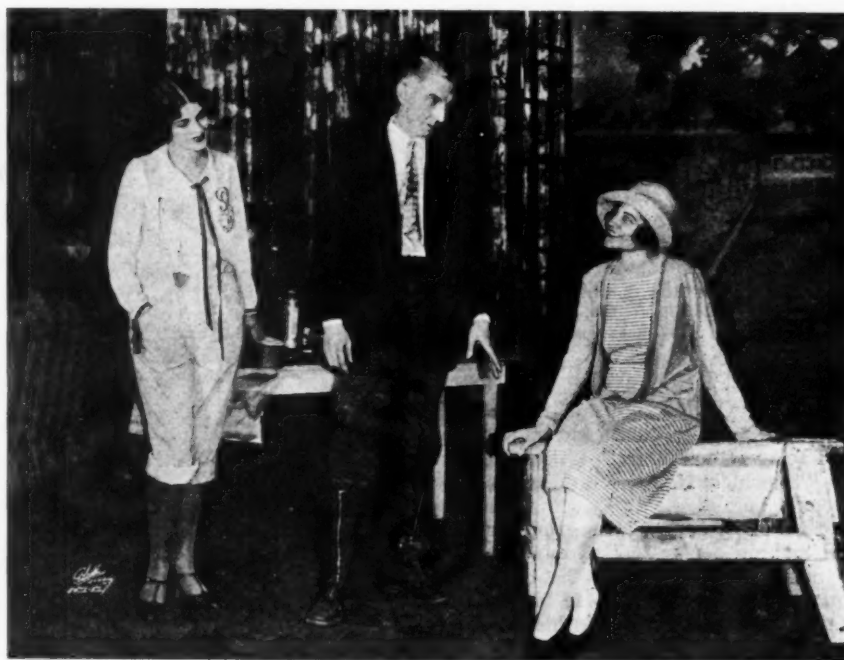
The management engaged an actor of the proper type as a substitute Pike. Hodge, himself, rehearsed his successor, but as the day for the first performance of the new actor arrived, he felt that he was not ready, and Mr. Hodge was asked to carry on for another week. At the end of that time a further extension was requested. Reluctantly Mr. Hodge complied and filled in until there could be no excuse for postponing the debut of the new Daniel Vorhees.

News of the change got into the public prints with the result that the box office was swamped by requests for refund on tickets bought to see William Hodge. In two weeks the business had dropped to such a point that the notice went up to close the company.

In a short time, Hodge resumed his role, and the play met with tremendous and unabated success for six years. There is no doubt that Hodge gave the part that vitalizing spark that the play needed to become a live thing, and its contribution to him, in return for the life he gave it, was to establish him as a new and brilliant star in the world of the theatre.

Since that time he has occupied a unique place in the American theatre and he has never known failure, here or there; which is a record very few actor-authors can match. Following "The Man from Home," Mr. Hodge became his own playwright. He has written, directed and starred in eight plays. "Straight Thru the Door," the mystery comedy in which he is now appearing with such conspicuous success, is number eight. It is also the first play in which he has assumed sole managerial control. He is now actor, manager, playwright and director and he can be counted as one of the

complished it all through his own initiative and showmanship. Some of his cues came from James A. Herne, with whom he played way back in "Sag Harbor" days; but Hodge



Complications begin with the wife (at right) and the "interior decorator" (on the left)

has cultivated unconventional ideas in acting and playwriting and as star and author has won a staunch and numerous following. He has literally worked out his own professional salvation. He has a keen sense of

and the curtain falls on a murder without even a suggestion of bloodthirsty details. Then it is that the "think tanks" of the audience begin really to work. "Who could it be?" they whisper to each other. The

audiences discuss it—the lover and the lass, the father and the mother, the sister and the brother—it has become a family affair. They all make their guess and begin trying to solve the puzzle.

In this play, Mr. Hodge has deftly maintained natural sequence, although "the unexpected happens"—as it usually does. Flashes of irresistible humor soften the sombre aspects that usually attend a mystery plot.

There is none of the abnormal intensity that comes with the usual so-called mystery play. It seems as though people were sitting in the theatre as if they were at their own fireside reading a vivid tale, but with the added aspect of the winsome personality and impressive Hodgesque manner—in the telling of the story. The plot does not thicken in this case—it just grows on you, and at the end of the second act the discussion increases in lively interest all through the audience. "Who can it be?" is echoed in sibilant tones for fear they might disturb their neighbors in the darkened theatre.

* * *

It would seem as if every character in that play was suspected of the murder, outside of the family, but few were even caught with the likelihood of the Italian workman, because he carried a knife—they were looking for a hard one in the "ask me another" contest.

While the play has the verisimilitude of actual occurrence, it strikes a sympathetic chord in the memory of many of those individuals who have had something to do with the building of a house of any pretension. It harks back to that old Hodge principle of naturalness and humanness. The response to the humorous lines do not bring a cackle of laughter, but laughter that stirs to the depths of the diaphragm and echoes through the audience amid a sunny wave of smiles.

In the progress of the play and the unfolding of the plot—if plot it can be called—there is a natural unfolding of the story without the paraphernalia usually attendant of trap doors, secret passages, self-responding telephones, sliding panels, and those things that have not come under the observation of the average person in real life. There is nothing of the unreality of a seance in all the spookishness of a dark scene. It is just as if William Hodge was sitting down at his fireside, telling his story to some guests who had "dropped in" and listened with wide-open mouths and eyes to a story connected with the building of a home.

Forsooth, there is Rock, the dog who plays well his part, at the last curtain call

seemingly master of the situation. There is also a suggestion of present-day problems in the way of admonishing young people to keep "within the 80-mile speed limit"—when out for a joy ride. There is also a reminder of the intolerable conditions in many cases of those who want to expend their money in constructive work in the manner of building a new house against handicaps that have become unbearable in many cases.

There is a touching scene between son and father that enhances paternal and filial affection. The painter in the opening of

has surmounted even the tragic moments when the father was accused of murder. The "detectives," as Booth Tarkington calls them, determined on landing his game, whether or no, is another illustration of the necessity of understanding in all the affairs of life, for was not the "detective" himself saved his reputation and the hope of an increased salary by the father accused of murder and threatened with the third degree?

In the audience I noticed many people that I know are not regular theatre goers—they are Hodge followers. In all the plays



A tense moment when threats of murder are made

the first act recalls the fact that one of Will Hodge's first parts in which he appeared on the stage was that of a painter in James A. Herne's "Sag Harbor." Then and now the costumes of this role were secured direct from a painter whose trousers and blouse, paint and all, was purchased from him while he was doing a real job of housepainting.

Then, too, there is that wonderful touch of home life that glorifies staunch faith and true love in marital ties and reveals how many divorces might be avoided by confidence and understanding.

Here is a play with one set, showing the house in various stages, uncompleted, partially completed and completed. With the completion comes the sweet and tender ending of the play where the hero of home life

that he has produced or written, there has never been a false note, never a pandering to unworthy emotions or an appeal to passions for mere stage effect. Idealism for practical everyday application is dominant. The scene in the new play when the theatre manager appeals to have the father accused of murder hurry up the new play, is suggestive. The moment has almost arrived for the first curtain of the season. Manuscripts of old plays are thrust aside and William Hodge, with his usual poise, looks about him and finds lying under his feet the possibilities of a play that has already taken its place among the popular successes of the season. It has further enhanced the reputation of William Hodge as the most popular personality among all the living actors.



Swiss Mountaineering by the Easiest Way

The glory of the Grisons in summer—Scenes that have impressed tourists from before the time of Caesar to the American "Doing Europe" in thirty days—"Over the Alps" is no longer a Napoleonic Task

By MARIE WIDMER

THAT mountaineering is no longer reserved for the relatively few who are able to reach towering peaks and glistening glaciers by their own efforts was the happy discovery we made on our way from Italy to the Grisons, that loftily situated canton in the southeast of the country, which, with its area of 2,773 square miles, occupies more than one-sixth of the entire land. Thus our first effortless climbing venture was achieved with the electric Bernina railway, which connects St. Moritz and Pontresina in the Upper Engadine with Tirano in the Val Tellina.

After an impromptu luncheon at this ancient little Italian city (1,405 feet above sea level), which is the terminal of the Sondrio-Colico line for the lake district and the starting point for Bormio and the Stelvio Pass, we boarded a Bernina train at 11:25 A. M., where the comfortable cars with their spacious plate-glass windows furnished themselves an assurance that no matter what kind of a seat a traveler occupied, he would not miss any of the scenery and climbing thrills that were in store for us. After a brief seventeen minutes, the train reached Campocologno, the Italian-Swiss frontier, where the huge Brusio electricity works supply the necessary energy not only to the Bernina railway, but also to most of the factories of northern Lombardy.

Through walnut and chestnut plantations and then by a series of wonderful spiral viaducts we were now rapidly carried past Brusio and Le Prese and along the sapphire blue lake of Poschiavo to the historical capital of this name, 3,315 feet above sea level,—an enchanting climb of one hour. Again we started out, this time on what is technically considered the most remarkable section of the line, with stupendous viaducts and magnificent curves succeeding each other until the train attained Alp Grüm, 6,850 feet above sea level, the most popular excursion point on the line, where blossom-bestrewn pastures and an altogether marvelous outlook on the majestic Palü glacier and surrounding mountains, as well as a grandiose panorama of the Poschiavo valley, imprint inefaceable memories into the beholder's mind.

Once more the train resumed its climb and in another fifteen minutes we reached its highest point at Bernina Hospice (7,400 feet above sea level). The little railway station thus named stands on the Lago Bianco, a glacier lake of remarkable hue, and the time-honored Bernina Hospice, now converted into a hotel, beckons a little higher up on the old highway. Here and there, on the road, on the rocks above, on the vast snowfields shimmering nearby and even on perilous mountain tops we noticed walkers and climbers, but our present mountaineering experience "by the easiest way" was proving so

delightful that we did not at all feel inclined to change places with any of those self-reliant, courageous individuals.

We now entered the threshold of one of the most wondrous glacier regions in the whole of Switzerland, a realm where immense stretches of blue-green ice descend from the

moreover blessed with iron springs of the highest efficiency, is equally fascinating and vivacious in summer. Reposing like a gem on the borders of a deep-blue alpine lake, framed by lofty pastures and snow-crowned mountains, it affords pastimes and sports of every variety conceivable: tennis and golf, with courts and links of the latest type, trout fishing, water sports, walks, drives, ascents, automobile services over the scenic Maloja



In the vicinity of St. Moritz

mountains like rivers which suddenly froze and stood still. And since glaciers and pastures—the latter ablaze with the much-sought alpenrose and other pretty blossoms—are dotted right along the railway tracks, even the most inexperienced walkers have opportunities to taste the joys of high alpine life without any physical exertion, while others who are not classified as real alpinists are enabled to undertake minor tours and ascents in this vicinity with a minimum of personal effort.

A vision of fragrant pine-woods with joyfully leaping brooks and silvery cascades—a radiant picture enhanced by the majestic beauty of the tremendous glaciers in the background—and on one of the choicest spots that we had ever beheld beckoned Pontresina, charming neighbor of St. Moritz, our destination (6,000 feet above sea level).

This most-talked-of, most fashionable winter resort in the whole of Europe, which is

and Julier Passes, horse races, shooting matches and innumerable social affairs.

Our sojourn in the Upper Engadine—during which we also became closer acquainted with many of the neighboring resorts which with their own individual attractions contribute greatly to the pleasures of a vacation in this sun-kissed, rejuvenating alpine region—included an unforgettable trip in a Swiss post-automobile past the much-sung lakes of Camper, Silvaplana and Sils, to Maloja, near the summit of the Pass of the same name, whence we enjoyed a splendid panorama of the romantic Val Bregaglia, which descends to Chiavenna in Italy. At Maloja we were moreover fortunate enough to view ten large "glacier mills," illustrating the action of the glacier that once covered this portion of the Grisons. The largest mill measures 19½ feet in diameter and 49 feet in depth.

No fewer than 150 valleys break up this

largest Swiss canton, but in spite of the numerous obstacles which nature had placed in the path of man, historic records show that Raetus, Prince of the Etruscan tribe, had invaded this district as early as 600 B. C.

and with an average altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level, the Lower Engadine reaches to Martinsbruck on the Austrian frontier, a distance of 33½ miles, with the altitude gradually decreasing from 4,920 to 3,280 feet above

At a spot upon which nature has chosen to shower a particular wealth of her gifts lies the famous trio of spas separated from each other by a short walking distance only. While Schuls, the capital of the Lower Engadine, is the terminal of the railroad, occupying a lofty position on the left side above the Inn, carriages are at the disposal of guests of Tarasp, with its extensive Kurhaus establishments, and Vulpera, facing Schuls on the opposite side of the river. Chronicles relate how in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a few solitary pilgrims in quest of health journeyed to the salt springs of Tarasp; how they took the waters there, but were guided by some strange instinct to establish their temporary homes higher up, on the sunny plateau where the hotels of Vulpera, encircled by woods and meadows, beckons to twentieth century visitors.

Many guests who do not need "to take the cure" make a sojourn at Vulpera, for instance, merely to enjoy the agreeably tempered alpine climate, the gorgeous scenery and excursions into the Swiss National Park, which opens out here and a section of which is also traversed by the Ofen Pass, leading from nearby Zernetz in the Lower Engadine to the Münster valley, which incidentally happens to be a particularly delightful outing by post-automobile. Vulpera has some of the finest tennis courts we ever saw, and every year in August there is a special American tennis tournament.

A most interesting side trip we made from Vulpera was to the carefully renovated Castle of Tarasp. This former seat of the Austrian governors, dates back to the eleventh century and has in post-war years been the summer home of the ex-Duke and ex-



A landscape in the Swiss National Park

He named the conquered territory Rhaetia, but the same included at that time the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, the Bavarian highlands and the northern stretch of Lombardy as well. Later, at the beginning of the Christian era, the Romans began to establish themselves beyond the Alps and they, as masters in the art of road-building, constructed military highways over the Julier, Septimer and Splügen passes to Bregenz and Basle.

Chur or Coire, the interesting capital of the Grisons, was the Curia Rhaetorum of the Romans and the musical Romansch language which today yet is spoken in the Engadine—the valley of the river Inn—and other parts of the canton, is a branch of the Latin groups.

With the discovery of the marvelous curative qualities of the climate in the sun-kissed regions of the Grisons highlands arose the problem of better and more convenient transportation facilities, with the result that construction of the now entirely electrified, narrow gauge Rhaetian Railway which serves the canton in different directions was started in 1888 with the line from Landquart to Davos, one of the foremost health and sport centres in past and present days. The building of the Rhaetian railway system which includes some of the most noteworthy feats of engineering skill on the sections between Davos and Filisur and on the Albula line between Thusis-Filisur-Samedan-St. Moritz, was a tremendous and costly undertaking. However, since it is a means of conveying visitors to many an earthly paradise which formerly could only be reached by the slowly progressing mail-coaches, the undertaking has from the beginning been crowned with great success and the trip to the Davos valley and via Filisur to the Engadine, or the journey via Thusis to the Engadine offer experiences in "mountaineering by the easiest way" which are an interesting counterpart to the thrills of the Bernina railway.

While the Upper Engadine extends from Maloja to Punt Ota in a distance of 25 miles

sea level. Owing to this less elevated situation the climate in the Lower Engadine is considerably warmer than in the Upper Engadine and vegetation is consequently far more luxurious. A branch line of the Rhaetian Railway serves this part of the Grisons as far as Schuls-Vulpera-Tarasp, a world-renowned cluster of spas to which we presently took



The Electric Bernina Railway, connecting Moritz, Switzerland, with Tirano, Italy

another delightful joy ride. Every little village spreading itself in contented happiness on the pleasant shores of the river Inn revealed characteristics pleasing to the eye, and ruins of ancient strongholds perched here and there on some lofty promontory whispered a silent reminder of those days long gone by when the Grisons had to endure the yoke of foreign tyranny.

Duchess of Hessen, but is now once more offered for sale.

To visit the canton of the Grisons without including a stay in the beautiful region of Davos would indeed be an incomplete venture and we therefore traveled back to Sus, a darling village at the exit of the Flüela Pass, with numerous typical Engadine houses, ancient towers, and altogether gorgeous car-

nation nurseries. Our trip from Tarasp to Sûs required but forty minutes, and since the diligence service of the Flüela has been suspended, we hired a carriage with two horses, costing eighty Swiss francs, plus the usual gratuity of ten per cent to the driver. Since our party consisted of four persons, this old-fashioned drive, which we wanted to enjoy as a contrast to our previous modern "mountaineering" ventures, proved an inexpensive and thoroughly worth-while experience.

The Flüela Pass, accompanied by a foaming mountain stream of the same name, is the connecting link between Sûs and Davos. It is an ancient thoroughfare, but the present up-to-date road was constructed in 1868, and the Hospice of olden days has, as in the case of the Bernina, been remodelled into a regular hotel which enjoys the undivided patronage of pedestrians and carriage traffic traveling over this route. The drive required about four and a half hours and took us through an alpine region which is a climber's paradise in summer and a playground for skiers in winter.

Davos is a happy combination of an historic Grisons village and an up-to-date resort. At an altitude of some 5,150 feet above sea level, it basks itself in perennial sunshine on pastures whose glad beauty is still enhanced by the fragrant pinewoods reaching into all directions, far into those diminutive, side valleys where nature and native life are at their best.

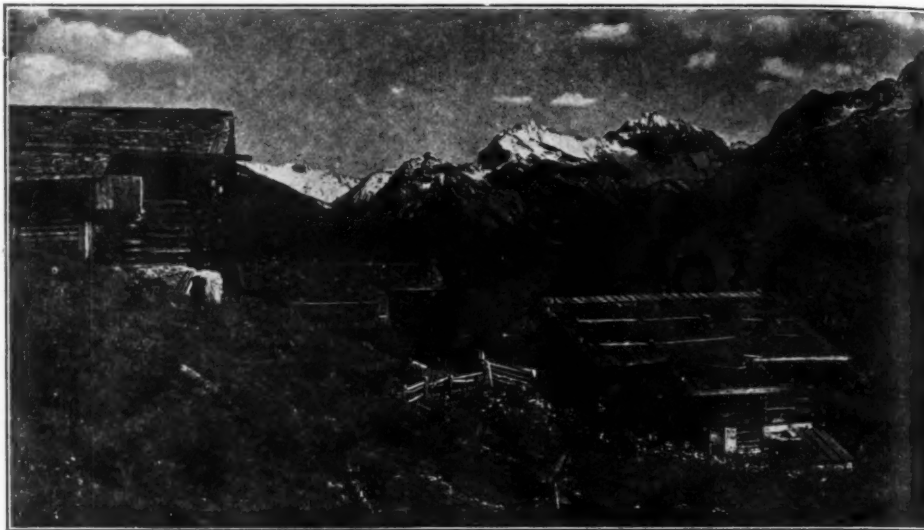
A heaven-like spot of this kind is the adjoining Sertig valley, a great favorite of pedestrians, which can, however, just as conveniently be visited by carriage, and if one is sufficiently *au courant* to telephone an order for dinner to the unpretentious hotel or restaurant of Sertig Dörfli, the scenic delights of the drive are bound to be followed by a simple, but perfectly delicious repast, all the more enjoyed if served on the verandah, with its wondrous outlook on the gorgeous scenery surrounding this spot. A few humble peasant homes, the summer residence of the natives

owning pastures in this valley, a few barns, a tiny church whose presence adds a poetic charm to the picture—such is Sertig Dörfli.

In the little communities we passed nearer to Davos, where the inhabitants also dwell during the winter months, we had an opportunity to observe how meat in this region is dried by a process of exposure in the dry, pure mountain air, and the fine joints of beef,

and systematic during the winter months, with the result that these bright-eyed, healthy youngsters of the mountains are able to cover the same ground as the children in other parts of Switzerland, where school closes only for the usual vacation periods.

Thus without any personal efforts we climbed to many glorious heights in this wonderland of the Grisons and when our



A restful spot near Davos

which are hung up outdoors, are as usual a sight in these parts as the housewives' snowy wash. A sunburnt log chalet of pleasing type was pointed out to us as the schoolhouse of the district, where the schoolmaster, provided he is single, also has his living quarters. No sessions are held here during the summer months, when all the children have to assist their parents in the plentiful work on fields and pastures, but studies are uninterrupted

sojourn came to an end, we arrived at the happy conclusion that the abundant store of vitality which we had accumulated during our holiday was not only due to the rejuvenating, health-giving climate, but also to the fact that we did our mountaineering by the easiest way, while so many inexperienced, over-ambitious tourists rely too much on their newly-found strength and fail to preserve the same for after-vacation times.

George Eastman Hunting With a Camera

Continued from page 303

While it is true that we owe the motion picture to Edison's adapting genius, we must remember that if George Eastman had not perfected a transparent film, we might never have had the motion picture.

This Rochester boy—now a multimillionaire—is known also for his modest philanthropies. As the mysterious "Mister Smith," he gave over eleven million dollars to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before his identity was discovered by the public. Altogether, he has given over thirty millions to colleges and hospitals; six millions to his employees as a recreation fund; four millions for a school of music, and nearly two millions for a dental dispensary in Rochester. This is only the publicly announced record of his generosity.

A man of simple, quiet tastes, he loves Rochester, and though a bachelor, he loves children. Self made, with no special training in laboratories or chemistry, he has, throughout life, refused to accept as decisive either defeat or victory.

Glimpse of Editor Lorimer

Continued from page 302

want to read about are not always the men who are on the heights of eminence, but the fellows who are climbing up and on the way there. Reminiscences are not always interesting to the young people, looking forward to what is coming tomorrow."

* * *

A medium-sized, rather sturdily-built man, who loves the out-of-doors, George Lorimer had humor wrinkles on his face. He cannot resist the old-time habit of joking now and then. His grey eyes have a merry light as he talks of the one big object he has had for the last twenty-two years—The *Saturday Evening Post*—which is punctiliously announced "Price five cents the copy." It is one periodical that has not increased in price since before the war. This despite the fact that the actual cost is twenty-nine cents, sold wholesale for three and a half cents the copy. The deficit is explained in the magic word "advertising."

Adolph Zukor of Paramount Picture Fame

Continued from page 300

closer co-operation between the author and the studio now that the way is open. We would still be in the ten, twenty, thirty class if we did not co-operate and seek betterment in material as well as in studio technique."

* * *

Adolph Zukor was not born in America. Nearly thirty years ago he arrived an immigrant, from his birthplace in Hungary, and with very little money. Today he presides over the largest film organization in the world as President of the Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation. He began by operating penny-in-the-slot machines, running them in conjunction with the little store-room theatre down on 14th Street in New York City.

Then he realized that the one- and two-reel chase pictures were, primarily, novelties and would not have lasting consideration with audiences and launched into the field of feature pictures to occupy the time of an evening's entertainment.

Prize Which Led to Lindbergh's Fame

A dinner given by the New York hotel men to Raymond Orteig, who gave the prize of \$25,000 which attracted Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and his "Spirit of St. Louis" to come out of the West and make that memorable non-stop flight to Paris

EVERYTHING associated with the meteoric career of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is fast becoming a matter of historic interest. One event that commemorated the basic cause of Lindbergh's epoch-making flight was the dinner given to Raymond Orteig by the Hotel Association of New York. It was none other than Raymond Orteig who offered the prize that brought the young flyer from the West. He was in France at the time Lindbergh arrived and on his return to New York had the pleasure of presenting in person to Lindbergh the check for \$25,000.

The gathering included not only the hotel men of New York, but many distinguished guests, including Maxime Montgendre, Consul-General of France. The guest of honor was presented with a handsome bronze plaque, the gift of his associates in the Hotel Association. It was in the form of an antique map or chart with heavy raised laurel border, with the Atlantic Ocean and sections of the Eastern and Western hemispheres in relief. The route taken by Lindbergh from New York to Paris is shown, and the symbolic decorations include the Statue of Liberty, Eiffel Tower, a compass, seagull and ocean liner, with a shield

containing the arms of Paris and New York. The inscription on the lustrous bronze reads as follows:

Presented to
Raymond Orteig
by the

Hotel Association of New York City in recognition of his contribution to the advancement of aviation, by the generous offer of a prize for the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris. This flight was made by

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH,

May 20, 1927.

"He flew alone." "An Ambassador without portfolio," bearing a message of peace and good will from the United States of America to France.

There were real hearty cheers for Orteig as he entered. It was fitting and most appropriate that W. Johnson Quinn, dean of the New York Hotel fraternity, should have the honor of presenting the tablet to Mr. Orteig. His well-chosen words were an inspiring keynote for the flow of speeches that followed. Mr. Quinn said:

"The hotels of New York, which have had so much to do in making this the greatest city in the world, and the mecca for travelers from all parts of the globe, were brought to their present state of perfection by you and by the men who have come here to do you honor. No man could be held in

greater esteem by his associates in business than you are. You have proved yourself a worthy citizen, and a credit alike to the nation of your birth, and the country of your adoption; your business career reflects credit on both. Great accomplishments have never been attained without incentive—the great feat resulting from your generous prize has ironed out any little irritations that may have existed and re-established that friendly and brotherly relation which must, and always will exist between France and the United States.

"Colonel Lindbergh's wonderful flight in the "Spirit of St. Louis" has done more to create friendship between America and European countries than any other event in our times. To you alone belongs the credit for this, for were it not for the great inducement you offered for the first non-stop flight between New York and Paris, it would not have taken place. History, we know, will accord you credit for the part you played, and will link your name with that of Lindbergh's.

"I have the privilege, and a very great pleasure, of presenting to you, on behalf of the membership of the Hotel Association of New York City, as a token of their regard



Complimentary dinner given to Raymond Orteig by the New York Hotel Men's Association, honoring the man who gave the prize won by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

and affection, this beautiful bronze tablet, commemorating your great contribution to the advancement of aviation, and of good will among nations."

There was a hush when Mr. Orteig arose to accept the tablet and pay his tribute to his colleagues, which indicated the good will and fraternal spirit that exists among "mine hosts at the inn" in New York City, which has always been the mecca for travelers at home and abroad and where events of national and historic interest seem to focus in these later days.

In accepting the gift, Mr. Orteig said:

"I would like to thank heartily the previous speakers for the compliments and kindness they have bestowed upon me. I also wish to thank the organizers of this celebration, which is bound to remain forever in my mind. This beautiful bronze will be a constant reminder. It will help me to live over and over one of the happiest days of my life. I take this opportunity to tell you how proud I am to be a member of the Hotel Association of New York City.

"Tonight, more than ever, proves that although I am a little fellow of the organization, I always have been treated in royal fashion by my colleagues. I have found them a most cordial group, always ready to give friendly advice. This testimonial tonight crowns a long series of pleasant relations which I have had with the association. I want you all to know

that I am deeply grateful, and you can be sure that I will cherish in my heart the memory of this day."

The pleasing announcement was made by the Consul-General of France that, during the course of the next few days, Mr. Orteig would be further honored by hav-



Raymond Orteig, who gave the prize of \$25,000 for the first non-stop flight from New York to Paris, and which was won by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

ing conferred upon him the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor by his native France. The French Consul paid a glowing tribute to both Lindbergh and Orteig:

"To the name of Lindbergh—name that went around the world—of Lindbergh whose courage all Frenchmen have admired and whose success they have applauded—we may say that the name of Raymond Orteig will always be closely connected to the wonder accomplished which will forever remain engraved in the memory of mankind. Raymond Orteig, whom so many friends so justly greet here today, is a virtuous man and a good man, and these two qualifications, which seem simple and modest, are, however, and you know it, the highest commendation it is possible to give of a man.

"In conferring upon our good friend Raymond Orteig the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honor, which I will have the pleasure of presenting to him in a few days, the French Government has endeavored to reward a life full of labor and devotion by an honor which reflects on his entire family, and which is shared without reserve, one can say, by all his friends."

The New York hotel men honored themselves and their country in the splendid manner in which they paid their tribute to a fellow member who was largely responsible for making the Lindbergh flight a reality.

An American Industrial Ambassador

Continued from page 295

vising director of the Commission on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board. With his genius for organization he made an industrial inventory of over twenty-seven thousand American business firms for the United States government—one of the most complete and valuable sources of information ever obtained.

* * *

From the office of the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is a view overlooking the harbor of New York, and the environment is suggestive of his broad executive views. When I entered his office I expected to see a halo of added dignity, but I found him the same genial, alert, fair-minded chap who used to solve vexatious problems at his desk in the Western Electric Company's plant in Chicago. His extensive experience crowded into a few years has been almost entirely along organization lines, for he has an orderly mind and knows how to put things where they can be realized when needed. There is no fussing over stray papers on his desk. The late Theodore M. Vail, with his foresight, saw in young Gifford at his elbow, the making of an executive, and passed him on to President Thayer.

* * *

His war experiences were valuable for they taught him to differentiate between essentials and non-essentials.

Concerning a Thrice-elected Governor

Continued from page 296

ticket lost by majorities up to 400,000. He ran 280,000 ahead of the Democratic candidate for president. In 1922 he was nominated and in the following November was elected by a majority of approximately 17,000. He was re-elected in 1924 and 1926.

As governor, the distinguishing things about the Donahey administration, aside from its highway program—and incidentally it may be said that he banished patented highway materials and put a curb on road prices—have been the exercise of his veto power and his insistence that if anyone knew anything wrong about any individual in the state government he wanted the information.

The veto work was done through recruiting a voluntary committee to make the most minute inspection of all bills passed. Some came to look to the "veto axe of Veto Vic."

Governor Donahey once summed up his political career in Ohio thus far by saying: "Ten years, ten children, ten cents," implying that the public service has not been financially profitable, and his bankers add their testimony to this statement.

In none of his administrations as governor has Donahey had a legislative body friendly to him. In 1926 the Democrats first began to mention him for the Democratic nomination for President, but he surprised friends and critics alike by saying publicly that he knew his "limitations" and did not think he was fit for the presidency. The remark was widely quoted all over the United States, and it may be said here that it did his prospects no harm.

The Road That Leads on to Success

Continued from page 316

as a golf tournament, and be as anxious for your name to be at the top of the business list as you are to have it at the top of the list of golfers, and you will soon see it there.

* * *

And remember to *Think*. Be careful what you think and how you think it. As the years pass on, you will rejoice in the kind of man you are building, and the world will give you your reward if you faint not, nor doubt, but just keep at it.

The road to success does not always lead to wealth. Three houses—one in New York, one at Newport, and one in Washington—a box in the first tier of the Metropolitan Opera House, callouses on your thumb and finger from cutting coupons—are not evidences of success. They may be evidence that you have "grabbitis," but that is not success. The road to success may mean a failure in business—and it will if conditions arise where you cannot be square and keep from it.

The road to success means: Keep confidence with yourself; keep *yourself* thinking, acting, doing right—but above all keep honest. Do not be ashamed to go to bed at night with yourself. Do not be ashamed to walk the streets with yourself. Do not do anything that you ever fear will be found out. In your dealings with men, treat them as you would wish to be treated were the matter reversed—and then you are on the highway of success.

The better your thoughts, the broader the highway.



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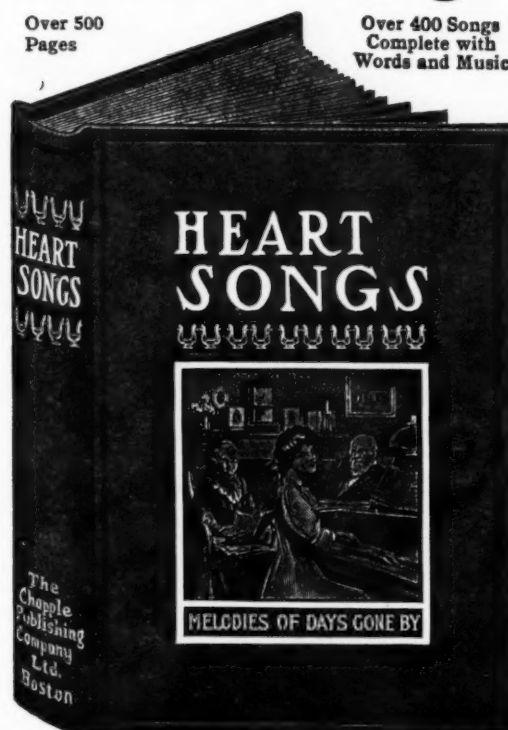
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Arthur E. Stilwell's Sermonettes

Continued from page 317

earth's victors. That wonderful body you have was not given you to be a failure and litter up the earth. Mozart had such a body, Strauss also, all great men.

You have the machinery that other great men had. You are out in the high seas of opportunity, all around you are wonderful harbors of opportunity. You can just as well sail for one of these desired harbors, as you can to be wrecked on the rocky shores. Just understanding and determination is the compass to sail by. Why, do you know that 70% of all the great inventions that bless this world were worked out in some little dingy room with not one quarter of the needed tools and the inventor in most cases almost starved before he brought forth his invention. Few came from great well-equipped shops or laboratories, they just started in some old alley or at the top or basement of some building and half the time the inventors hardly had the needed rent. But back of these men that brought forth these inventions was vision and determination, more needed than the tools. For without vision and determination the hands could not use the tools. The dope fiend, the drunkard cannot handle the tools of success. You first have to be able to handle yourself, control yourself, if you would wrest from the world any reward. Fear that you cannot succeed is dope that makes for a weak heart and for loss of power. Enthusiasm, reason and determination must be your power and then you can clear out of any alley and come out on the high seas of success.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL

NO man of himself can conquer life's problems. He may assist, but he cannot conquer; it is only by searching for the higher and better in this world and all worlds to come that peace and victory are found and it is through the windows of the soul that the truth is revealed to those that seek. Through the windows of the soul are seen no creed or dogmas, no dialect is used, no foreign language for the messages that come to you are translated into your own tongue, and you understand them. These messages never come to you in the multitude, they come in contemplation, not of what you have done today, not what you will do tomorrow, but by rising in thought above all of earth's confines and looking for the perfect way, the way of justice, the path of wisdom and with wisdom comes power.

Look through the windows of the soul for your daily path—find it before you enter the business world else it may be a day wasted. Some people receive strength for life's daily battle from some creed or dogma. They need it as the sailor needs the compass; if such is your need find your creed, be true to it and let it help you to look through the windows of the soul. Some can find their way through trackless plains and uncharted seas, by divine inspiration they need no creeds or dogmas. Each must be true to the light they have, not some one else's. There are different paths to the heights—find no fault



The Spirit of Service

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the \$80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the

service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed.

In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

if others do not see yours as the only path. There are multitudes of flowers—yet all shaped by the same divine understanding; creeds and dogmas change with the ages, yet they have been and will be safe bridges for multitudes to use, for some need crowds to encourage them in their journey and often the weary soul catches better glimpses of eternal truth in the quiet of some temple or the notes of some organ swelling with a song of worship—some fly upwards on the wings of incense and panoply of holy vestment. You use and let others use any means that keeps clean the windows of the soul. Some only seek the truth after years of pain, but blessed are those that in quiet review life and the day's battle and seek the better way for the tomorrow by vision through the windows of the soul. In the eternal hush when all the world is left behind comes the peace that passes understanding.

The Story of Two Dogs

Continued from page 309

mured. "But I shall never forget—good night."

They watched her mounting the stairs with the grace of a young Diana. To Maurice it seemed that the filthy tumble-down hotel had taken on a new atmosphere. Abe grunted as the hem of her skirt disappeared.

"Now if I was young and beautiful like you, Kid. . . ."

New subscribers desiring the January and February NATIONAL MAGAZINE containing the opening chapters of the "Story of Two Dogs," may have them by writing at once if supply is not exhausted.

The Junior Rockefeller

Continued from page 301

of every fact that concerns the public interest.

The benefactions made by his father, of which he had direct charge, include the Rockefeller Foundation, with an endowment of \$180,000,000 and the General Education Board, \$110,000,000, besides the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial of \$63,000,000 and the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research representing over \$25,000,000. All this represents a tidy sum of over half a billion dollars which his father has given to various institutions. As Trustee of the Institute and Director of the General Education Board, J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., devotes a great deal of time to this work outside of his business and financial responsibilities. With it all, he has demonstrated that although known as Junior, he has done the work of a real senior in carrying out the gigantic plans outlined by his father many years ago when he retired from active business. As one philosopher has remarked who is somewhat acquainted with the details of his work: "J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. devotes just as much time and energy in giving away money as he does in the making of it."

He was much interested in some manuscript of his father's which revealed that the senior had indulged at one time in writing verse. Among the poetry of his own composition, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller sent in a bit of poetry of his own for the book "Heart Throbs," which was the first hint that I had ever had that the senior had taken to authorship in describing some of his ideals and purposes. The verse is so simple and complete in itself that it has already been widely quoted, and it is no wonder that the junior smiled fondly, as he heard me repeat the following lines written by his father, which also reflects the ideals of the son, J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the busy days that have come and gone since he opened his desk and began work with his father at 26 Broadway.

I was early taught to work as well as play,
My life has been one long happy holiday;
Full of work and full of play—
I dropped the worry on the way—
And God was good to me every day.

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We who have fathomed the plumb of the sea,
And measured the rule on its changing tide:
We who have smothered in spindrift a-lee,
And breasted the green on the weather side—
We understand.

We who have lain on the anvil of fate
For shaping by ceaseless hammers of time—
Annealed in the roasting ovens of hate
And tempered and cooled in life's bitter brine—
We understand.

We who have plodded wearily along,
Waiting and hoping the end of the road—
We catch the notes rising back of the song,
Sounding the cheer that will lighten the load—
We understand.

—JAMES MCLEOD.

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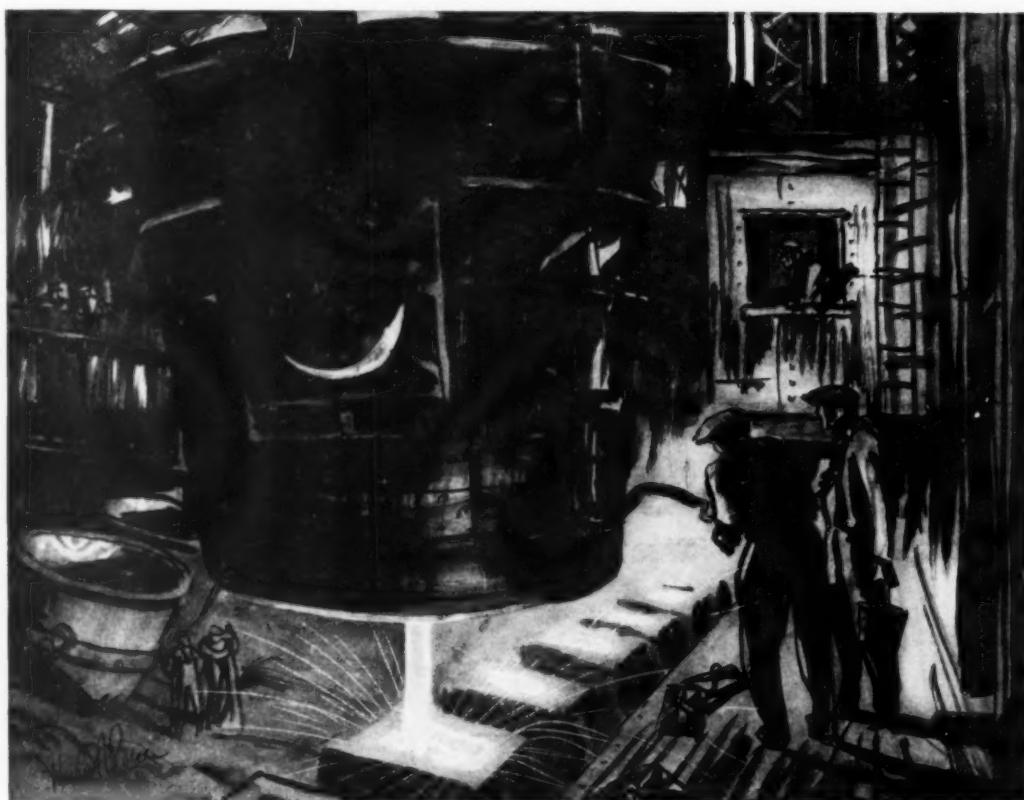
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